

won't escape. In Akbar's absence a young student named "Mohammed", who is a mechanical engineering student who studied four years in England and speaks English quite well, is taking charge. He asked his morning if there was anything we wanted from the CO-OP and brought me some more suntan lotion, "after tan" lotion that I asked for and also some Marcal facial tissues as well as a few "handi-wipes" (reusable dish or dusting clothes). He was to get Don Hohman and me some more honey but couldn't find it.

Later in the day we were taken for showers. Shower room still smells like an open sewer and even though they knocked new drain holes in the shower bottom, even those drains are now becoming plugged up too, so don't know what is going to happen to our showers if they become completely unusable! When we were being taken for showers the students tried to put a double blindfold on us but both Don and I refused to be trussed up that way and not being able to see our feet and where we were going. I pointed out that Akbar didn't require us to be double blindfolded and finally they relented. These stupid idiots! It is bad enough in this hot weather to have to have towels over our head and what feel is being served by this exaggerated game of blindfolds is more than I can imagine! Every day I get more sick of this stupid routine and of the students as well as this entire mess! No mail again today but Mohammed assured me that he is taking care of it and hopefully we will get some tomorrow.

July 9, 1980: Queen still in hospital and Akbar apparently is with him as we haven't seen him since morning of July 6 when he took Queen to the hospital. I was taken outdoors late in the afternoon for about 30-40 minutes of sunshine. For the first time another hostage was placed in the "laundry enclosure" of the residence with me. He is Jerry Miele who apparently is one of the communicators. He had just asked me what my name was, as he didn't know who I was, and I replied, when we were told we couldn't talk to each other! Yet I know that he is on the same floor just down the hall from the three of us, that is Hohman, Queen and myself who are permitted to associate with each other! More of their stupid "security" regulations.

When I got back Mohammed brought in three pieces of correspondence from my wife on International Red Cross forms dated May 28, June 2 and 11 with Red Cross indications that they had been received on June 9, 10 and 16—yet they were just given to me today—July 9<sup>th</sup>. One had been on the way 43 days, another 38 days and the third 29 days! Some quick service! There was no other mail from my wife, that is, via normal mail channels but, of course, there was a note from Julia dated June 27! Very hot today but there was a nice breeze so it was rather pleasant out of doors even though I was sitting directly in the hot sun in order to get some color.

July 10, 1980: My wife's birthday today and we are apart! In fact, it is now going on 10 months since I have seen her. How much longer is this going to last? Also, today is our 250<sup>th</sup> day in captivity and according to the rumor that we have heard of the VFW's proposition that we be given \$1,000 per day from Iranian funds in the U.S. for each day of our captivity, this is the "Quarter Million Dollar Day" for each of us! Let's just hope that there is some truth to the rumor as it surely would be something to have! Queen still in the hospital and no doubt Akbar is with him so we still have no mail since July 2 except for the old Red Cross forms that I received yesterday. Dinner prepared by "Les Girls" was especially good tonight—poached eggs on English muffins with spinach and Hollandaise sauce; also some guacamole spread and strawberry shortcake! The shortcake was baking powder biscuits the way I like it and the strawberries were frozen, of course, but good just the same.

July 11, 1980: Was awakened suddenly at 5:30 a.m. by a shot fired by the guard outside just below my window. Don't know what he was shooting at since it was just one shot—probably his gun went off accidentally! These trigger happy and careless students!

Queen still in hospital and Akbar must still be with him as our mail has come to a halt. Nothing from my wife since July 2 when I received only the copy of the Arizona magazine. Mohammed did bring me two pieces of mail today, one from the woman in Port Moresby, Papua-New Guinea who writes me. Her letter was dated April 20 and took 85 days to reach me! There was also a letter from Mrs. Holly Brooks in North Carolina who writes me. Hers was dated April 26 and took 75 days to reach me from the U.S.! Must have been lying around here for some time although Mohammed insists that both pieces came in today! Can't believe it. Was out in sun for about 45 minutes today but got cheated as the sun went under a cloud for most of the time!

Dinner tonight was three hamburger patties, French fried potatoes and a large salad mixture of fresh and really ripe tomatoes, fresh cucumbers, onions, Kosher dill slices and rice pudding crammed with raisins. They must not have heard of how expensive raisins are in the U.S. now. Believe these were locally grown.

July 12, 1980: Queen still in hospital but Akbar came in today to pick up some clothes, toilet articles, his pipes and tobacco, etc. for him. Didn't give any idea when he would be leaving the hospital. Akbar also said he had picked up five bags of mail today! Later in the day, however, he said it wouldn't be distributed until tomorrow as he had so many other things to take care of. Dinner tonight was chicken salad, mixed fresh lettuce and tomato salad, English muffins and strawberry shortcake. One of the students, Mahmoud, also showed us they had peanut butter and we could ask for it when we wanted it. He also brought in an electric toaster (General Electric) and asked me to make toast each morning. It will depend on the kind of bread he brings me, however. He also brought in a list (apparently prepared by "Les Girls" who are preparing our evening meals) asking us to check what we like and disliked and also asked for suggestions of other things to prepare. I indicated that I liked everything but checked my favorites anyway and also made a few suggestions.

July 13, 1980: Queen still in the hospital and Akbar not in at all today so still no sign of the mail he promised us for today. Also no showers today although we haven't had one for five days. The girls fixed lunch today also for the first time—baking powder biscuits, canned asparagus and cheese slices. Wasn't really hungry for it, as I had a breakfast of Iranian bread, butter and peanut butter! Anyway, I ate some of the lunch. This afternoon they installed an air conditioner in my room which is to be for the three of us. However, after getting it in the window it doesn't cool properly and also it apparently overloads the circuits as the fuses blew for a while and I could even use the electric fan.

Dinner tonight was terribly late but was good—scrambled eggs with onions and mushroom, and artichoke heart, toasted baking powder biscuits and V-8 juice but wasn't served until almost 11:00 p.m.! There was much noise of the students in the Compound shouting the usual slogans of "Allah-Ho", "Allah-Akbar" etc. When I asked one of the students why they were so happy he said that it was the beginning of Ramadan! Since Ramadan continues for 30 days, now I'm sure nothing will get done and no hope at all of our being freed!

July 14, 1980: First day of Ramadan! (also Bastille Day!) Tried my air conditioner to see if it would cool and blew another fuse, so it appears I definitely won't be able to use it. Queen still in hospital but Akbar seems to be around here more. Was taken out in the sunshine for a full hour this morning. Sun was hot (as it was close to noon), and so I took all that I could on both sides of me—back and front; then was taken for a shower. Showers have been cleaned up somewhat and don't smell so bad as they did. Was also given two new pair of underwear briefs today—one is an Adidas and the other a similar make. Both are very brief (short rise) and have no front flaps so when I have to urinate it is necessary to pull the entire briefs down!

Lunch was very good today—almost too much. Spaghetti with mushroom sauce, cucumbers in sour cream, also a mixed salad and fresh grapes, the very small variety that appear to be grown for drying into raisins. Then in the afternoon (late) Akbar and Mahmoud installed a new air conditioner which lasted about one hour (after they had sealed the window with plastic made from cut up garbage bags), as the fan stopped working and the air conditioner began to give out thumping sounds! So don't know whether I'll ever get an air conditioner that really works! No mail again today except that I received a fruit cake made by the teacher in Papua New Guinea who has been writing me. It was mailed June 22 and got here just in time as it was already beginning to mold a bit but I hope I was able to salvage it by scraping off the mold and putting it in the refrigerator. At least I hope it was put in the refrigerator as I requested and Akbar authorized.

Tonight Akbar said that Queen is suffering from a viral infection of the brain! I don't know whether it is Viral Encephalitis or not. Anyway, it appears that he will be kept in the hospital here for a long time as Akbar said he is very sick! Why they don't send him to Germany or back to the U.S. for treatment, I don't know. I suggested this to Akbar and he seemed shocked to think that any of the hostages would be released now, even those seriously ill! So a new hostage was moved into Queen's room tonight—Jerry Miele, a Communicator. Akbar also gave me an uncensored issue of "Time" for Feb. 18, 1980. Said not to tell any of the other students that he had given it to me as they would not approve, but he knew how much I wanted some news. Can hardly be called news now that it is six months old, but that is how their warped minds work! There is an article about Iran—of the newly elected President Banisadr. According to that article, he has the backing of Khomeini and considers the students as "lawless dictators" and, apparently at that time, was anxious to get us released and to try and get Iran back on a normal track again. What is holding things up for so long in releasing us, I have no idea.

July 15, 1980: This afternoon while Don, Jerry and I were playing Scrabble, Akbar came in with some mail. I received nine pieces—only one from my wife dated June 2 (I have already received several letters later than that date). This was sent via I.W.G. which is usually much slower. However, a letter from Gloria McLeroy was dated April 11—already three months old! Another was from a schoolboy in Oak Forest, Illinois dated March 22—4 months old. Some was even July 1<sup>st</sup>! There is no accounting for the way that our mail is handled. Hopefully since they got five bags a few days ago we will have more mail tomorrow or next day. Even the old mail is welcome.

Then Don Hohman was asked to move from his room next to mine to the room formerly occupied by Miele as there is an air conditioner in that room that works well. This way our three rooms now connect and the air conditioner in my room started working OK again so we now have the three connecting rooms with an air conditioner at both ends, plus our large standing fan which they didn't take away, so our rooms are now very cool. In fact, I slept this evening with a

sheet *and* a blanket over me—the first I have wanted a blanket in three or four months. Was also given some Hanes T-shirts, shaving lotion, stick deodorant, more shaving cream—all kinds of things I really don't need now but really longed for before when they wouldn't give them to us.

Dinner tonight, prepared by the girls, was deviled eggs, mixed salad, sardines and delicious peanut butter cookies—made with honey and very moist and tasty. One of the students brought a check list and asked us to indicate what we wanted for supper as well as for lunch tomorrow! Some service!

Jerry Mielle told me an interesting thing. He said that on April 27, a day or two after the big move of many of the hostages from the Chancery, he was taken along with Bert Moore, the Administrative Officer, and one of the Marines named Kertley to a house which, as he described it, was “way out in the country”. He said they were blindfolded and driven in a car on a trip that took 8 to 9 hours! They were at the place about a month before being returned to the Chancery. While it is entirely possible that there were actually taken that far away, it is also possible that they were merely driven around Tehran or somewhere much nearer for the 8 or 9 hours and were not actually that far a driving distance away. Don Hohman told me that one time he was driven for about 45 minutes but knew all along that he had never left the Compound!

While we were laying Scrabble in late afternoon Hamid came in for no apparent reason and sat and watched us play for a while. It was still very warm as the air conditioner hadn't begun to cool the room off and I was still sitting in just my underwear briefs. Hamid commented that I was dressed as though I were at the “beach”. (They always are so shocked at seeing even men in their underwear!) I told him that I would prefer to be at a beach and he mentioned something about his wanting to allow us to use the Ambassador's swimming pool but the “other students” had objected because of the “political situation...because of the Shah” etc., all of which didn't make much sense. Then he talked again in a rambling way about that the matter would be cleared up “soon” concerning our release but I reminded him that he had told me that over eight weeks ago and that at this point I no longer believed anyone or anything that was told me!

July 16, 1980: Akbar took us out early today and let me sit in the sun for an hour. It was really nice. Sun was hot but there was a good breeze so I was able to toast myself for about 30 minutes on each side—front and back. Then had a shower. The air conditioner is working fine now and my room actually became almost too cool. No more mail today. Was hoping that there would be something more recent from my wife since we were supposed to have received five bags of mail, but most of it is quite old. Our order that we placed yesterday for lunch was actually for tonight's dinner and we had filet mignon, frozen corn on the cob (good but it is always a bit on the mushy side), sautéed mushrooms to go with the steak, salad (mixed) and peanut butter cookies and iced tea for dessert! The “girls” really do things up brown!

July 17, 1980: Really hit the jackpot today with 26 pieces of mail received, including seven letters from my wife; two from my brothers; 3 from other relatives, and the rest from friends and strangers. Air conditioner working fine so Akbar took our large fan away. Don't really mind as we don't need it with the A/C as long as that holds out. Dinner tonight was tuna fish salad, strawberry custard pie, iced tea and popcorn!

July 18, 1980: Very quiet today. No activity since it is the Iranians' religious day (like our Sunday). Akbar said he would send a letter to my wife via Special Delivery airmail, so I spent

time writing that as well as five letters to newspapers—The New York Times, Washington Post, Chicago Tribune, Los Angeles Times as well as to Mike Wallace of “CBS 60 Minutes”. Had written a similar letter on April 17 but am sure it was never mailed. Don’t know whether this one will be mailed either, but am giving it another try to stir up the American public, if I can. With our being here now 258 days it is high time the American people and our government does something to get us out of here!

Dinner tonight was sautéed chicken legs; zucchini, tomatoes and onions stewed; fruit cocktail in yoghurt and coconut cream sauce; peanut butter cookies and iced tea—all very good.

July 19, 1980: This morning Akbar popped in early, before I had breakfast, for a few minutes and I gave him my outgoing letters. Then just after he had left I remembered to ask him if I could go outdoors in the sunshine so I opened the door and called to him in the corridor. He told me I should never open the door but always to knock. When I told him that I had done so, as I knew he had just stepped into the corridor and I wanted to catch him before he got too far away, he said it was for my “safety”! I asked him who might be trying to harm me, as there was no one in the hallway except the student guard and besides there was nothing to see in the hallway anyway even though we are always required to be blindfolded when we step into the hallway to go to the toilet!

Then when he took Jerry and I out into the sunshine I again asked him why he thought I was in danger and he said that the people were “very angry” at us and wanted to harm us! I told him that he and the other students were the ones who should be afraid, as I knew that their movement was no longer so popular with the people because they were bringing a great deal of harm to their country by holding us. Of course he disagreed. Then I asked him again why we were being held and he said that the Parliament was deciding what to do with us as the “people” wanted to have us tried in Court! Here we have been here for almost nine months and, according to Akbar, the people are still talking about trying us! I then asked him if Parliament was in session or whether it was enjoying itself in the mountains or at the seashore for the summer and he said that they were in session now.

Then I asked him again about getting me my billfold containing my wife’s photos, my retired I.D. card, my credit cards, etc. and again he said that he had tried but couldn’t find them—which I don’t believe of course. He said that everything was in the “warehouse” and was designated by apartment numbers and apartment addresses. I then said, “If the Parliament should decide to let us go tomorrow, how are you going to find everything that belongs to us if you can’t find it now?” and he replied that the students didn’t want anything that belonged to us (which is a lie, of course, as they have already stolen much from us including taking all the privately-owned vehicles as well as the Embassy vehicles off the Compound), and that they would “send everything” to us later. Although Akbar is one of the kinder students and has done much to make our life more bearable, I am convinced that he is just as big a liar as any of the others and I told him so. I told him that Hamid was such a liar he couldn’t distinguish between truth and a lie, even though lying is supposed to be against the Muslim religions, but that I had hoped Akbar was different. However, it bears out my contention that *all* the students are in this together and that one is as bad as the other as far as telling the truth is concerned! Nothing else today. I was left in the sun for about an hour and that was good.

July 20, 1980: Very quiet today—nothing going on. Jerry Miele has a large scar on the top of his head (he is bald except for fringes of hair on both sides). He doesn’t want to talk about how it

happened except to say that he “had an accident” when he struck his head against a wall! I am inclined to think that it was self-inflicted in a moment of desperation—possibly he was even trying suicide, I don’t know, as he won’t talk about it. The fact that he keeps saying he is trying to forget it makes me think that he was trying something desperate. He said that he was taken to a hospital near the place where he was kept, according to him—8 or 9 hours drive in the country from Tehran—for about 10 days and then was brought to a hospital in Tehran for several days. He claims he didn’t have a concussion but his scar is several inches long.

Just followed my usual routine—writing letters, studying Spanish, we played some Scrabble in late afternoon, and that is all. Dinner tonight was especially delicious—sautéed whole shrimp (with tails) a garlic butter sauce, garlic bread sticks, Spanish rice, fresh mixed salad and some kind of custard pie made with honey and possibly the custard was made with yoghurt—also iced tea. Everything very delicious!

July 21, 1980: Nothing doing today. Akbar didn’t show his face all day and, as a result, no mail, showers, or anything!

July 22, 1980: Again quiet all day. Akbar not here at all today, therefore no mail. Was told by Mohammed that showers were broken and that they had to get someone in to fix them so no showers today either although it is high time (6 days since our last one—June 16).

Dinner tonight was good—pancakes and sausage with honey and/or jam. Also had a fresh lettuce, tomato and cucumber salad and strawberry (at least red) jello for dessert. Also ice tea flavored with cloves—first time I have ever had clove tea!

July 24, 1980: Nothing happened yesterday. Just the usual day except that our promised showers didn’t materialize. Then this morning, just as we were having breakfast, Akbar showed up and said the showers were fixed and we would go in about 10 minutes which was then changed to an hour since they were taking the girls first so that the girls could be back in time to fix some lunch for us. I asked Akbar how come the girls were fixing lunch now too as we were getting Iranian food at noon and he said that they “warmed it up” and fixed a salad for Don Hohman.

Then I reminded him again that the students were not keeping an eye on the supplies in the bathroom and that we were again out of liquid dishwashing soap so he said he would give us a supply for our rooms so we would be sure to have it when we needed it. I asked him about mail, as we haven’t had any since July 12 which took five days to be sorted and delivered to us after being censored and Akbar mentioned about some rigmarole where now the students have to fill out some forms from the post office and the post office is supposed to call them when they have some bags for us—or the students have to call them to get it delivered, etc. Something about the post office not giving them the mail without the Gov’t’s approval which, of course, delays the entire process, I’m sure.

Then he told Jerry Miele, with regard to some letters that he had written to the newspapers in the U.S. that the students would not mail them as they were restricting mail only to our families. I don’t know whether this also includes friends or not. Anyway, I had written about five letters to the New York Times, Washington Post, Chicago Tribune and Los Angeles Times, as well as to Mike Wallace of CBS “60 Minutes” on July 18 (had also written the same letter in April but believe that it was never mailed). Don Hohman also wrote about 15 letters to newspapers all over the U.S. last week that I typed for him. I asked Akbar whether my and Don’s letters had gone out and he said he didn’t know but told Jerry that the “student council”

(that apparently makes the decisions) “did not wish to use the hostages for propaganda!” I asked Akbar what the hell they have been doing for the past nine months if that is the case, but he just put on his usual enigmatic smile! Then I asked him again whether we had any hope of ever getting out of here and all he replied was the usual “InshAllah”—“If God Wills”. Since I have no idea whose side God is on—and there is no evidence that He is on our side, it doesn’t appear that we have any hope at all of getting out of here within the foreseeable future.

When we returned from our period in the sun and taking our showers, Akbar had brought in various supplies which were just in the next room (the room that Don Hohman had been occupying before he was moved into the room at the far end of our three rooms when the air conditioners were installed.) Among the supplies that he brought in were several packets of toilet paper (four reels each), a couple of dozen bars of Iranian toilet soap, paper towels, paper napkins, Old Spice spray deodorant, the Vapo-mat tablets for the Japanese made electronic mosquito destroyer, some packs of “Trac II” and one of “Atra” razors with blades (I had been trying to get an Atra for some time as I had already been given blades for it but they wouldn’t fit the Trac II), shampoo, toothpaste, and additional vitamins—some of which we didn’t have, such as Vitamin A, High Potency B-Complex, more Miles Lab “One a Day” and “Geritol”. All these things right in the room next door yet the students let the supplies run down in the toilet without ever replenishing them unless I gave them a hard time about it!

Then Akbar also returned some letters to us that the “Student Council” (according to Akbar) would not send out. Don Hohman got back about 14 or 15 he had written to various newspapers all over the U.S. that I had typed for him. These letters were merely thanking the American people for writing to us and supporting us. Jerry got back some he had written to newspapers also, as well as to his Congressman and Senators, and I got back a letter I had written to Senator Barry Goldwater on July 11 (with a copy to SecState) asking him to look into the non-receipt of mail by my wife, my brothers and sisters, and friends with whom I was in correspondence. Akbar didn’t return five letters I had written on July 18 to the New York Times, Washington Post, Chicago Tribune, Los Angeles Times and Mike Wallace of CBS “60 Minutes” which said nothing against the Iranians but was critical of our Gov’t for taking so long to obtain our release. I’ll probably get these back later as in all probability Akbar hadn’t got to them yet in his censoring the mail. We’ll see. I asked Akbar just what the students of the “Student Council” which is probably made up more of the religious “Mullahs” than it is students) are demanding and he gave us the old song and dance about “the return of the Shah”. Since they should know by this time they will never get the Shah back, since from what we have heard on the grapevine he left the U.S. for Panama last February, I have no idea just what demands they are really making if they really have any intention of letting us go and I just can’t understand why the U.S. appears to be taking no action against them, such as a complete embargo, etc., to force them to release us. It seems more hopeless now than ever!

Dinner tonight was very good—green peppers stuffed with rice and a fish mixture, salad, stewed tomatoes (whole), garlic bread sticks, deep dish apple pie and iced tea!

July 25, 1980: Dinner was very late tonight. We didn’t eat until almost ten p.m. During dinner Akbar came in and told us that there was a “movie” in the library that he wanted us to see that was “news” from the U.S. So after we had finished our dinner we were taken to the library to see a TV interview of an American priest named something like “Rupier” or “Rupipi” [found out later it was Father Darrell Rupipier] who was one of the priests who was here at Easter time. I didn’t see him when he was here but Jerry Miele recalled him. The interview was on a TV show

called "Kaleidoscope" with a black commentator named "Ben Gray" but I have no idea from what TV station. The commentator commented that the hostages had then been held something like 140 days; however, as of Easter Sunday we had been held 155 days.

Anyway, the priest was interviewed at length about the situation in Iran and he told how he had talked with about eight victims of torturing by "Savak" and described what had happened to them. For example, he told about one woman who had been made to watch four of her sons being killed by torture; of another man whose six year old son had had his arms cut off; of a man who had had gasoline poured over him and then set afire while members of "Savak" who were having a party at the time watched him died, etc. He also told about how he has seen equipment for torture that had been made in the U.S.; how "Savak" was trained at secret centers in the U.S. by the CIA, etc. He then went on about things that he had witnessed in Brazil when he had been there for five years and how the U.S. Gov't had participated in such things. He also had before him copies of documents that he claimed the students had removed from the embassy that, according to the priest, had been verified by "someone" in the State Department in which the Embassy had warned the U.S. Gov't. that Embassy personnel would be in danger if the Shah were admitted to the U.S. He also mentioned that Kissinger and Rockefeller were instrumental in getting the Shah into the U.S. and that, at the time of the interview, the Shah was in Panama and that the Iranians were attempting to extradite the Shah from Panama. About all that he said about us, the hostages, was that he did not condone the students' actions in kidnapping us and holding us as hostages, but that we had his sympathy!

While much of what he said during the interview may be true, I cannot agree that the CIA "trained" the Savak organization in torturing people. I'm sure these people do not need to be trained in such matters. They are orientals and their own history will reflect that they are basically a cruel people and have known how to torture and murder long before the U.S. was ever discovered! Also, the priest has certainly done a great disservice in coming to Iran ostensibly to conduct religious services for the hostages and then to go into such detail in his expose' of conditions that existed during the reign of the Shah, rather than do everything he could to obtain our freedom. His interview has only made the situation much worse for us and, in fact, has placed the lives of many of the hostages in even greater danger. It is three months today that the big move took place on April 25—when I actually thought we were going to be released!

July 26, 1980: Just found out today that the bulk of the hostages were taken to Isfahan on or about April 25. Also learned today that the Shah is now in Egypt (*this info was in a Socialist newspaper published in New York called "The Militant"*). *The article mentioned that he was in one of the "palaces" and that his so-called serious illness from which he was reportedly dying when he was admitted to the U.S. last October has apparently improved to the extent that he now occasionally "jogs" in the palace garden! The paper also referred to an aborted "raid" authorized by the President apparently to rescue us, in which eight U.S. Army Commandos apparently were killed. Don't know just when this took place or where it failed, but believed it was also in April. This was the reason that Secretary of State Vance resigned in protest and Senator Edmund Muskie became the new SecState.*

They have set the TV up in the "library" now and are now offering us to watch some programs. Watched a bit of "Donny and Marie" just before dinner but left it as our dinner was ready. Had poached eggs and spinach on English muffins with a Hollandaise sauce, fresh mixed salad, a sort of semi-frozen strawberry jello pie and iced tea. Didn't get out for a period in the



sunshine, as promised, nor did we get any mail. I'm afraid the new set up with the local post office, whatever it is, is going to hold up our getting mail so often. Akbar asked me this evening to cut down on my letter writing and also to use the return address of "Islamic Republic of Iran" saying (which I don't believe) that the post office might not send out letters that just had "Iran" only as the return address!

July 27, 1980: Jerry and I were taken outdoors today to be in the sunshine and I had about 45 minutes in the hot sun, which felt good. There was a slight breeze so I didn't mind being in the hot sun at all. Was told yesterday that the temperature is now about 37 degrees Centigrade in midday and early afternoon (believe that is about 98 or 100 degrees Fahrenheit). Following being in the sun I had a shower in the changing room near the swimming pool. Everything was thick with dust as no one has used the shower room for months and the water was ice cold, but after the initial shock I got used to it and since it was so warm outside it really felt good. Just a pity that everything was so thick with dust which made it bad to lay anything down in the place. This is about the first time that our student guard didn't have a rifle with him although we had to be blindfolded (towels over our head) as usual! Later in the day Akbar told me that the Post Office has now been changing old 100 and 500 Rial bills for the past week into new currency and they will continue doing so for the next few days, so our mail will be held up getting it from the post office as well. So if we don't get any mail from the post office for the next few days and then it has to be censored here, we probably won't get any mail until into August. The last time we received five bags of mail on July 12 it wasn't given to us until July 17, five days later!

Dinner tonight was sauerkraut and Polish sausage with apple pie (a fancy variety) for dessert. Afterwards Jerry and I went to the library and watched a tape of a December '78 "60 Minutes".

July 28, 1980: This evening Akbar brought us two Time magazines; one was dated in later April '80 and the other December 10, 1979, so contained fairly recent news about Iran and the hostage situation which had not been taken out of the magazines so we managed to get some news of what is going on and it surely doesn't look favorable for us. Also read an article about Liberia and the revolution there which had been referred to in a letter I received recently but of which, of course, I knew nothing. Since Akbar had referred to the Post Office changing Iranian currency into newly issued currency, I gave him the following notes: "A few days after I was captured, your terrorists took 5,400 Iranian Rials from me along with my jewelry, wristwatch, etc. That money is being kept in an envelope with my name on it (unless someone has already spent it). I believe it is in 500 and 1,000 Rial notes. If the Post Office is now changing these denominations into new bills, I believe someone should take my money to the Post office and have it changed into new bills; otherwise it won't be any good at such time as I am released. That is, if you *are* ever going to release me! S/s Robert C. Ode". Akbar read it and then said I should change the wording since they were *not* terrorists! I pointed out that I had addressed the note to him personally and he just wadded it into a ball and threw it into my wastebasket. I reminded him that *he* might not wish to regard himself and the other students as terrorists, but that they surely were in my opinion as well as the rest of the world! This was the first time I have really seen Akbar agitated!

July 29, 1980: Just as we were having breakfast this morning about 9:30, Akbar brought in some mail that he said had just been received from the "State Department", along with an International

Red Cross letter for me and one for Don Hohman. The Red Cross letter was from my wife dated June 23, received in Geneva on July 1 and I got it today—July 29, making a total of 37 days to reach me with 28 of those days just enroute from Switzerland! I think the Red Cross handling of our mail is a farce! The letter from my wife from the State Dept. (I.W.G., Box 2976, Wash., D.C.) was dated February 15! It took 167 days or 4 months and 21 days to reach me! Although very old I was delighted to receive it as it contained a lovely color photo of my wife taken at her brother's home in Potomac. However, what the hold-up was in having it sent by the State Dept., I don't understand, but it surely indicates the Dept's regard for our morale to hold up a letter so long! Jerry Miele also received a letter from his sister, who is a Catholic nun, dated Feb. 11—three days older than mine. In the same mail was a letter from my nephew Norman Keon in Michigan dated June 23, also sent via Box 2976 (State Dept.). Later in the afternoon they brought more mail—this time a package from my wife containing some goodies postmarked July 2 and also three letters dated June 12, 28 and July 1, so we have fairly recent mail mixed in with the very old. Where the February mail has been all this time is a mystery! Yesterday Jerry and I cut each other's hair—first time I have had mine trimmed since February! Shows one how fast my hair grows these days!

July 31, 1980: Took Jerry and me out in the sunshine for about 45 minutes in late afternoon but sun still hot enough to do some good. Then took us for a shower, this time to the former Medical Unit where we were able to have a hot shower. Students are apparently living in the building housing the former Medical unit as the bathroom was obviously in use as there was soap, shampoo, toothpaste and other items belonging to the students. While the place was a mess, as is everything that the Iranians have their hands on, especially the toilet, at least we were able to have a hot shower for a change.

Later in the evening when Jerry and I were playing Gin Rummy I asked him again whether the students had interrogated him and had threatened him and given him a rough time. All that he would say was that he didn't want to talk or think about it, which leads me to believe that they did give him a rough time and that part of it was the large scar he now has on the top of his head and for which he was hospitalized. Either that, or he is having a guilt complex about having had to tell them the nature of his work and he is afraid that he will be given disciplinary action when he gets home. I don't know as he refuses to say anything.

August 2, 1980: Akbar has been gone since July 29 but I have no idea where, so our mail is being held up as none of the other students are authorized, or interested, in going to the Post Office to pick up our mail. In spite of what Akbar told me about the new regulations at the local Post Office, I did receive a letter 7/30 from my friend Julia Worthington in Wash., D.C. that was postmarked 7/11 and then late this afternoon I received another one postmarked 7/11 from some elderly sisters who have been writing me from North Adams, Massachusetts. Where these letters came from, or how the bag from the "State Dept." arrived, I have no idea—yet I am not receiving late mail from my wife which is the most important! Then this evening Hamid came in for a few minutes. He didn't give an reason for visiting us. I asked him what was new and he said that our Gov't had "asked the Iranian Parliament a few days ago to solve the hostage problem". This doesn't seem to make much sense as it would seem to me that our Gov't would be applying every pressure possible, and would have been doing so for some time, to get the Iranian Gov't (such as it is) to come to some agreement on the matter. Akbar told me on July 19 that the Iranian Parliament was "deciding what to do with us". I would like to think that perhaps

the letters I wrote to the N.Y. Times, Wash. Post, Chicago Tribune, Los Angeles Times, and Mike Wallace of CBS on July 18 might have gotten through and been published and that they have caused the U.S. Gov't to take some action, but I doubt this very much. First of all Akbar told us they were not sending any of our letters to newspapers, although they have not been returned to me, and secondly, there really hasn't been enough time for them to be censored, mailed, and received in the U.S. As usual, I think that Hamid is lying, which is one of his specialties. I would rather believe the Devil himself than to believe *anything* that the students tell me!

August 3, 1980: Very quiet today. Was told that it is a public holiday—death of one of Iran's leaders. Don't know whether the death was recent, or what. No doubt it was one of their religious leaders as they are the only ones they consider important now. Received two pieces of mail this evening. Where they came from, I have no idea, but it appears that they were delivered to the Embassy which is contrary to Akbar's story of new procedures at the post office. Anyway, one was from my wife—dated July 18 that took just 15 days to reach me and in it she mentioned receiving my letter of June 27 on July 16; also that my sister in Michigan had received my letter of June 22 the same day—July 16; so some of my mail is getting through at last! My wife said she had not yet received either of the two Special Delivery letters I sent her—one on May 15 and the other June 22. I'm sure she will never receive the former as that was when Hamid was in charge of us, but I am surprised that the June 22 S.D. letter hadn't reached her as Akbar *absolutely promised* me that he would sent it out.

August 4, 1980: Today we begin the 10<sup>th</sup> month of our captivity—nine months from November 4, 1979 when we were kidnapped; and still there is absolutely nothing doing that makes me feel that we will get out of here soon. Just can't understand what our Gov't is doing to obtain our release. It is very, very, discouraging! Reminded Mohammed again this morning when he brought our breakfast about checking at the post office for mail. His attitude this morning was that I received two letters last night (one from my wife and a note from friend Julia) and that is all that is necessary. I keep urging him to check *at the post office* and not wait for mail to be delivered here, which is what I think happened last night, as I am confident that there must be more mail there—the last time we got mail was five bags of it on July 12 which wasn't sorted out and censored and given to us until five days later, July 17. It is a constant up-hill battle to get mail—as the students will never realize how much it means to us.

This afternoon I was let into the toilet when Ann Swift, one of the two women hostages here, was cleaning the toilet. It is the first time I have been aware that the women hostages have been detailed to cleaning the toilets along with preparing our evening meals for us. When we were downstairs and our toilet conditions were so miserable, I had volunteered to be on a cleaning detail but it was refused. I supposed the Iranian students feel that cleaning toilets is “women's work” as they certainly would never lift a finger to keep anything clean, let alone toilets!

In late afternoon one of the students brought a chocolate cake with chocolate frosting around and told me to take as much as I wanted of it. I took two pieces each for me and Jerry. The student reminded me that we had been here nine months so I presume that the cake was baked as some sort of a celebration of our confinement! I asked him what they had in mind for the next nine months celebration! Dinner tonight was very good—“pigs in blankets” (hot dogs wrapped with cheese and mustard and folded into pie dough), also fresh baking powder biscuits

and cheese and more cake, this time a white cake with lemon frosting! The girls are really saving our lives! When I was let into the toilet today by accident, because Ann Swift was there, we didn't get a chance to say anything to each other before the guard discovered his mistake and ushered me out again.

Tonight must have been some special observance of Ramadan, which began on July 13 and is to continue for 30 days, as there was a big demonstration in front of the embassy with the usual shouting of "Allah-ho—Akbar", etc. Sounded like quite a mob. Fortunately my room is at the back of the building and the air conditioner drowns out noises, so I wasn't bothered by the shouting as I used to be when my room was at the front of the building as I could only hear it at such times as I used the toilet.

August 5, 1980: Mohammed told me this morning that some mail had arrived yesterday: however, we weren't given it all day. Hopefully we will receive it tomorrow. Did get out in the sun this afternoon for almost an hour so managed to "toast" myself on both sides. They now let me strip down to my underwear briefs while I am sunning. Then we had a shower in the former Medical Unit which is now a complete mess! The shower is one of the better ones, which isn't saying much the manner in which the students make a mess of everything. I guess university students are complete slobs no matter what nationality they are.

The student who took me out for sun today asked me if I was learning any Iranian (Persian). I told him since I never intended to return to Iran once I am set free, I have no use for or intention of learning any Farsi. I told him that I once had some Iranian friends in Switzerland but no longer intended to associate with any Iranians. He asked me if they were better than the students here. I told him that they seemed like nice people at the time and at least when I was invited to their homes they let me go home when I wished, which was not the case here. He said that "Life is a school" and that I "shouldn't worry" (which is their usual response to everything: "Don't worry about it, it isn't important!") I told him that if life is a school, this is a bit of learning I could do without and that the only thing I had learned was to hate Iran and *all* Iranians and that I would hate this country and everyone connected with it for the rest of my life!

August 6, 1980: Akbar still isn't back from wherever he is. I believe he is on one of the summer farm work projects that the students participate in to show their affinity for the "downtrodden" which, of course, is a lot of BS. Anyway, when he isn't here, nothing seems to run really right. Mohammed still hasn't given us any of the mail that was supposed to have arrived two days ago and he isn't here either or at least isn't paying any attention to us. I'll be glad when Ramadan is over, which it should be on either August 10 or 11 (was told Ramadan lasts for 29 days and it began on July 13, so hopefully August 10 is the last day). Perhaps then things will begin to show some semblance of order again. I think most of the students stay up all night celebrating Ramadan and doing their eating, and then sleep all day. They are not supposed to eat or drink anything from 4:30 a.m. until 8:30 p.m.

August 7, 1980: Neither Akbar nor Mohammed were in all day today and, of course, no mail as yet even though Mohammed told me that some had arrived August 4, three days ago! They are always telling us that mail has arrived and then don't give it to us for several days. They never will understand how much mail means to us.

August 8, 1980: Mohammed stuck his head in the door this morning and I asked him again about when we would receive the mail that came in five days ago now and he expressed surprise and to know if we hadn't received it! He is the one who is supposed to be in charge since Akbar is away, so who he thinks would have given us the mail, I have no idea! He again promised to look into it but I didn't see him again all day and still no mail!

August 9, 1980: TV is working again and the three of us watched some situation comedies this afternoon for about an hour—real stinkers—“Carter Country” and “Fish”. The when we returned to our rooms and were playing Scrabble one of the students brought in some mail. Each of us got some. I received seven from my wife dated from July 7 through 20. Her letter of July 15 had the first paragraph cut out, the first time that any of her letters that I have received have been censored. Also had one from the Nutbrowns in San Antonio dated July 23 and that had part of the first paragraph cut out. Had another from my brother Howard dated July 17 telling about their trip to Alaska, but nothing censored in that one. And this time only one from friend Julia!

August 10, 1980: Yesterday I asked to go out in the sunshine but nothing happened. Asked again today, but with negative results also. Until Akbar gets back from wherever he is, there is no organization and nothing seems to get done. No one seems to be in charge of anything. Mahmoud told Hohman today that Akbar won't return for about 5 days. Tonight we had filet mignon steaks and mushrooms along with frozen (or canned) sweet corn—tasty but a bit mushy. The big treat was freshly made cinnamon sugar doughnuts! There were enough to keep some for tomorrow's breakfast.

August 11, 1980: This should be the last day of Ramadan. I hope so, at least, and also hope that perhaps things may now become better organized and that possibly something might be accomplished to effect our release within the near future. That is probably just wishful thinking, but it seems that something has to be done soon. I just can't see what either side is accomplishing by just letting this state of affairs go on like this day after day. Had some of the doughnuts and coffee for breakfast this morning! Was outdoors for about 45 minutes in the sun followed by a cold shower in the former Medical Unit. Mahmoud sent Hohman a note following our being taken outside reprimanding him for attempting to “peek” from under the towel that we always have to put over our heads when taken outdoors. Hohman was furious—especially since Mahmoud sent a note rather than telling him personally. One would think that after all these months the students wouldn't be so damn fussy about “security” since we are never taken off the compound and who cares about seeing anything on the compound. Hohman was just trying to adjust his towel because they had wrapped it around his face so tightly and it was choking him. However, there is no accounting for the weird minds of these students! How much longer we have to stand this humiliation and degradation is another question. Just can't understand what our Gov't is doing that we should be held here for so long.

August 12, 1980: Thank God Ramadan is over! Perhaps now our Gov't and whoever is supposed to be negotiating with it can get together and bring this affair to an end. Perhaps that is only wishful thinking, but hope something can now be accomplished. Very quiet today. Watched a couple of old TV tapes of Carol Burnett's shows, studied Spanish, played some Scrabble as usual, and that is all.

August 14, 1980: Jerry Miele told me that this morning, about 3:00 a.m., he had to go to the toilet and while there talked for a while with one of the students—a fairly tall fellow with a large beard who speaks English fluently. Don't know whether he had ever lived in the U.S. or not, or possibly in England. Anyway, Jerry asked him about the possibility of being released, that is when we could expect this to end and was told that Carter's last response to their demands was "unsatisfactory" (he didn't reveal what their demands were, however) and that they were now going back with new "propaganda"; there, it doesn't appear that there is much hope of our getting out of here within the foreseeable future! He assured Jerry that all the hostages would be able to go home "someday" and "that we shouldn't worry"! That we should just keep ourselves occupied, reading, studying, etc., as though that is all that we need to be happy!

Jerry has been absolutely terrified and worried sick for months as he said that in the early days of his captivity he was interrogated at length and accused of murdering some Ayatollah! In my opinion, they selected Jerry to work on because he worries constantly and is susceptible to their kind of mental pressures. It is obvious that he feels that they have certain justifications for their actions, an opinion with which I absolutely *do not* agree. Apparently they gave Jerry a pretty hard time during the period after April 25 (the time of the big move when many of the hostages apparently were transferred to Isfahan and Jerry was moved to "someplace"—he won't say where—about 8 to 9 hours drive from Tehran.) During that time he suffered the accident that left a huge scar on the top of his scalp. He claims that he did it himself but won't explain why. He is even frightened to tell me anything that happened. However, his talk with the student has made him feel a bit better, for which I am really glad as he worries constantly and mopes about all the time. However, I *do not agree* that the students had *any justification* for taking us hostages and I shall consider them as terrorists and criminals as long as I live and I shall continue to hate them as long as I live for what they have done to me and to all of us! There is no forgiveness in my heart for a single one of them.

August 15, 1980: Requested to be taken out into the sunshine and to have a shower today, but without success. Also no mail again today. We are really getting some stupid guards now. Had a terrible time trying to get breakfast this morning. I asked for the usual juice, bread, butter, jam and tea, which is what we always get. It never varies. Yet the guard brought me the juice, some lukewarm tea and a pat of butter only! Couldn't make him understand that I needed bread on which to spread the butter and finally gave up completely when I couldn't make him understand what jam is even though they have many jars of Kraft strawberry jam from our CO-OP stock that they give us regularly!

Jerry told me some more about his experiences that put him in the hospital after the big move on April 15. He still won't say how he received the cut across his scalp, only that he did it himself and that it was an "accident"; however, he did say that when he was taken to the hospital following the "accident"—apparently this was in Isfahan although he won't say—the students had him admitted as an "Italian" who had been injured when struck by a motorcycle! He was admitted under the name of "Joe Rocci" (or something like that). Since he doesn't speak a word of Italian, even though he is of Italian descent, I don't think the students were fooling any of the doctors or other medical personnel at the hospital, wherever it was. After about five days or so in that hospital he was moved to another hospital here in Tehran for about five days or so and then brought to the Chancery with the few others of us who are here.

August 16, 1980: Today we begin the second half of August. Have been in captivity 9 ½ months so far! This afternoon we were taken outdoors for sunshine and then a shower. This time we were guarded by “Hossein” the tall, bearded fellow who speaks English well—the one that Jerry talked with the other evening when he went to the toilet and who assured him that we would all be released one day and that, in the meantime, we should just enjoy ourselves, reading, studying, etc.! Since Hossein speaks English so well I asked him where he had studied and found out that he had been at the U. of California at Berkeley—no doubt where he learned his terrorist tactics! I asked him various questions about what happens to all our mail—why we don’t get it more often, why it all has to be censored since there is nothing that we can tell anyone from here since we know nothing about what is going on, etc., also why we have these foolish security regulations—having to be blindfolded just to go to the toilet, to go outdoors in the sunshine, for showers, etc.

His explanations, such as they were, was that the “students” (I call them terrorists) all consider us (all of us) to be spies and therefore must read everything we write and everything that comes in for us to assure that we are not using codes and giving out information! Also that since many of them don’t understand English well, any words used in our letters that they don’t understand, or the general content of any letter that is not understood by them (and I presume that means most of everything we write) makes the letter “ineligible” to be sent out! Why they are not returned to us, I don’t know, as we have no way of knowing which, if any, of our letters ever get mailed! He also said that the blindfoldings were “security regulations for our protection” but against whom we are being protested isn’t clear. He also said that we weren’t given any news or told anything that is going on for our “psychological protection” so as not to alarm us with rumors! The fact that we sit here day after day never knowing what is happening, whether anything at all is being done by our government to help us, doesn’t occur to them that it too is bad for our morale. The answer is, of course, that they just don’t give a damn and couldn’t care less.

According to Hossein, Carter must make a decision before election (Nov. 4) that of course, will be in Iran’s favor, so that we can be released and, according to Hossein, the public opinion in the U.S. is such that Carter is worried about not being re-elected (which I don’t believe, of course) and that he must compromise and give the Iranians what they want into order to release us and therefore to win the election! It seems that we are now back to “Square One” as Hossein has reiterated the demand that the Shah must be returned as well as the more than 23 billion dollars of Iranian money that he has in the Chase Manhattan bank in the U.S. When I told Hossein that the Shah is not in the U.S., but in Egypt and that the U.S. Gov’t has no control over Egypt, his answer was the usual—“that is all the same thing—of course the U.S. controls Egypt”. These terrorists seem to feel that the U.S. controls everything, yet the U.S. seems to be powerless to get us out of here! It all doesn’t add up.

Hossein also said that “the Courts” have to decide what to do with us and when I said that if “the Courts” have to make such a decision, how could they do it without a trial? His answer was that if they had a trial, there would have to be executions—“at least of the 10 or so members of the CIA”—which means, of course, that all of the hostages are already condemned as being spies even without a trial or proof of any kind! I’m sure that the terrorists don’t really want a spy trial as, if they had one, it would have to be held in the open with the foreign press in attendance and surely they must know that they don’t have any genuine grounds or proof of anything on which they could convict anyone in the eyes of the world. Of course, the danger is that any “Court” would be a religious Islamic court which, naturally would be controlled by Khomeini

and the religious leaders and would not be a true Court of Law—only a completely biased and prejudiced “religious” court.

However, all of this surely is no comfort to any of us here as Hossein reiterated that the Iranians would “never compromise” and that their demands “must be met”. They believe, I’m sure, that God is on their side and that everything they do—regardless of how illegal or criminal their actions are—that God will assure that they win. I reminded him that the Russians are, I’m confident, just as guilty of spying and interfering in Iran’s affairs as they allege the U.S. to be and his answer, like those of other terrorist-students I have talked with before, is that they are not afraid of the Soviets and that they will “straighten them out” the same as they expect to the U.S. Frankly, I wish that the Soviets would take Iran over completely. Then they would know what loss of freedom really means! I know that the U.S. would not want that to happen, because Iran’s oil would no longer go to the West, but it might teach our government that we have to do something to make ourselves self-reliant on energy and to use our own natural resources regardless of the cost, so that we wouldn’t be so dependent on foreign oil and in a position to be dictated to by rabble such as we are dictated to at the present moment.

August 17, 1980: Hohman said that Akbar was in for a few minutes to see him and confirmed that he won’t be our Supervisor anymore—that he is now doing some other job. I was afraid that it was too good to last. Mahmoud is now supposed to be our Supervisor, but we haven’t seen him for days as well as Mohammed who is usually here at breakfast time and also brings our evening meal in to us that the girls have prepared. Both of them speak English. No mail today—very quiet all day until this evening when Hohman had come into my room to talk with Jerry and me.

Suddenly two of the guards came in my room where the three of us were, one with a gun slung over his shoulder and looking around as though they had just lost a hostage! They went out and then came in a second time, trying the door to the room next to mine where Hohman used to be and which is now occupied by the guards on duty. We couldn’t figure out what they were looking for or what they wanted but they appeared to be visibly upset. Then we realized that Hohman was sitting on a coffee table that is in front of the door from my room leading to the hall and which I haven’t used for about three or four months as I now have to go into the hallway when I go to the toilet through the door in Jerry’s room which is next to mine. It appears that Hohman was leaning against the door in my room leading to the hallway and the guards had heard a noise making them think that someone was trying to escape! What idiots!

So, although this door hasn’t been used for three to four months they then came in with a hammer and nails and nailed it shut, asking me to leave my room for about 15 or 20 minutes, which I did. All this about 11:00 p.m. while Don, Jerry and I went to Don’s room and listened to a tape recording of Neil Diamond! I told the guards that if I were planning to escape I surely wouldn’t wait almost 10 months to do it, but they are all so suspicious they are practically out of their minds most of the time!

August 18, 1980: Right after breakfast a new guard who speaks English came in and asked us if we wanted to see a new film they had just received from the U.S. While I was confident that it was more propaganda, Jerry and I decided to watch it anyway. When we got down to the library and put the videotape on, it turned out to be the film of a TV interview between Ben Gray of “Kaleidoscope”, a black news commentator of some unidentified station and Father Darrell Rupipier that we had seen on July 25! I told the student that we had seen it about two weeks ago



(it was actually 25 days ago) and he said that he had been told the film had just arrived from the U.S. I told him that they had lied to him and he replied, "No...we never lie" but I reminded him that they did nothing but lie all the time and that they didn't know the truth from a lie! No mail again today. It is now 14 days since mail was received from the post office and then we were given it five days later so that makes nine days since we have been given any mail.

August 19, 1980: One of the medical students came to my room this morning and took my blood pressure and gave me some additional vitamins I had requested as well as aspirin. My blood pressure was 120/70 which is normal, he said. Last time it was taken it was 140/70.

August 21, 1980: No mail again yesterday. Things have really fallen apart lately, especially since Akbar has gone. No one seems to be in charge of us. I wrote all sorts of notes asking for things and they just seem to disappear in thin air! No one seems to read or perhaps even receive them. This morning, for example, we asked for breakfast which should be a simple matter since we always receive exactly the same thing—bread, butter, jelly, fruit juice and tea. The guard on duty brought us juice, tea and butter—nothing else! When I told him we wanted bread and also jam or jelly he brought us only jelly—then disappeared completely! The next guard on duty was asked and he brought us stale bread. Lately we have been getting only stale bread.

Worst of all is the mail situation, since no one seems to be interested in checking with the post office as to whether we have mail in spite of our repeated requests. Today is supposed to be a shower day for the three of us. I put in a note this morning asking to sit in the sunshine for an hour followed by showers for all three of us. Also asked again about mail, detergent to wash our dishes and clothes, and for fresh bread daily. We'll see what happens this time!

Late this evening, when I was returning from the toilet where I had washed the dishes for our evening meal and I was returned to my room by Hossein, the bearded character who was a student at the U. of California at Berkley, I asked him who was in charge of us now and why nothing was being done with regard to our mail, taking us for showers and sunshine, keeping the toilet supplied with detergent for washing our dishes, etc. He told me he would look into it and shortly thereafter just as I was getting ready to crawl into my sack, he returned to our room (Jerry's and mine—our two rooms) and explained that Akbar had left because he had been insulted when I wrote him a note referring to the students as "terrorists" and that none of the other students wanted to take charge of us since I was so irascible and demanding and didn't appreciate anything that they were doing for us.

Seems that I have been through this before when I was kept in the Embassy residence and also in the basement of the Chancery before being moved upstairs—even after I had been moved upstairs in the former DAO offices. Hossein attempted to explain that since he had been in the U.S., he understood us but the other students didn't and that they were upset when I referred to them as terrorists. I told Hossein that it was the only way that I could consider them, as I regarded anyone who kidnapped me, treated me as they did for four months after I had been kidnapped, held me as a prisoner under armed guard, put me through the foolishness of the constant blindfolding even to go to the toilet, etc. didn't deserve to be called anything but a terrorist. Then, of course, Hossein, got into the usual diatribe about their cause being right; that they didn't care anything about so-called diplomatic laws and customs (which is quite obvious!); that they would never compromise; that Carter was in fear of losing the presidency that "he had" to give in to their demands—their demands being the usual—"return of the Shah and the 23 billion dollars that the Shah had stolen from Iran and which was in the U.S.", etc., etc.

About the only new information I was able to glean from our conversation, if one could call it that, was that—according to Hossein—they do have a time limit but what the time limit is he wouldn't say—just that we wouldn't be kept here another year! They also seem inordinately concerned that we will be harmed and re-iterated that the so-called “security” procedures here are for our protection, that the U.S. Gov't would like to kill some of us so that the blame could be put on the students (terrorists), also that they didn't want to bring us to a trial as then they would have to execute some of us, at least. Hossein keeps asking me “Do you want a trial?” – also insisting that when the Shah is returned he will be given a “fair trial” which, of course, is ridiculous as we are all now considered guilty of being spies without ever having been tried for anything so how could one expect that any trial—for the Shah or any of us—could possibly be a fair one? He also said that the reason that we were always blindfolded even when being taken into the hallway to go to the toilet was that there were “many things kept there that could blow this building (the Chancery) apart” and that we might do something desperate if we knew that and that he probably shouldn't have even told us!

Anyway, I have come to the conclusion that, if the students do indeed have a time limit, it will not be before November 4 which is election day in the U.S. and also one year since we were taken. I presume that they will keep us at least that long in order to show the U.S. that they could defy the U.S. for at least one year and attempt to bring down our election and, failing that, they might then decide to release us with the satisfaction that they had at least defied the power of the U.S. for a full year!

When I told Hossein that they were serving themselves up to the Soviet Union on a silver platter and that I hoped someday to see them under Soviet domination since they hate and despise the U.S. so much, Hossein boasted that they have no fear of the Soviet Union, that they will release all their oil into the Persian Gulf and set it afire so that any invading naval or military forces would be burned up in the flames! He made it very clear that they wanted absolutely nothing to do with the U.S. (giving the old story about how they like Americans but hate our gov't), and I surely hope, and I surely hope that our government will accommodate them in this regard as I would like to see a complete embargo on everything for Iran—spare parts, travel, food of all kinds, medicine—absolutely everything, and I fail to understand why our government hasn't already imposed such an embargo. It is obvious that they all want to be martyrs (it is apparently part of their religious beliefs and desires) and I would like to see us accommodate them in this regard as well.

Since Hossein speaks English well, I asked why he wasn't used to censor our mail. He said that he had a different job, that he was reading captured documents and that it was more important to make their contents known to the world to show what the United States had done to Iran. To think that they are still reading material from the Embassy after 10 months! I'm sure that most of the classified documents must have been destroyed the day we were captured, as I understand that they had about 4 hours to do so before the students took over completely, so what they are still finding to read now after 10 months, I have no idea.

August 22, 1980: Still no mail. We were taken out in the sunshine for about an hour followed by a cold shower. They also picked up our laundry (bedsheets) today and brought us some paper napkins, Kleenex and a few other items, so perhaps they are beginning to show some interest in us even though I did irritate them by referring to them as terrorists which, of course, they are—pure and simple.

August 23, 1980: Still no mail and our laundry wasn't returned either. Had stale bread again today but was given some Iranian honey yesterday so that helped it to go down.

August 24, 1980: Got our laundry back this morning after Jerry made a special request for it. If we don't keep hammering them for things, we don't get anything done—yet when we do, they resent it. Slept later than usual this morning and had breakfast about 10:30 with the usual stale bread again but at least they did give us strawberry jam rather than the usual grape jelly of which I am really sick and tired! However, about an hour after we had finished breakfast they brought in some fresh “Barbari” bread, the kind we all like very much and asked us if we wanted any. Of course, we didn't as we had just finished our breakfast. Why they can't get bread for breakfast here earlier than 11:00 or 11:30 is also a question. No mail again today. I'm sure they are deliberately either not picking it up from the post office or are holding it back just to punish us for being difficult. It is just one of the many games they play!

August 25, 1980: Received two letters today! One from my wife dated 7/30 and the other from my nephew, my brother's second son who is a student at the U. of Michigan, Ann Arbor. Talked quite a while with Jerry who is, in my opinion, letting his imagination run away with him, as he keeps thinking that the students are persecuting him—playing music from the “Godfather” (he is of Italian origin) and singing words long with it that sound like the posts where he has served previously. I'm sure it is all part of his imagination and that he is worrying unnecessarily. He seems to think that they have singled him out, since he was a TCU (communicator) and that they are trying to drive him mad and that he will be tried and sentenced to prison and will never leave this place! I'm sure they gave him a hard time in the past after we were first captured, which is part of the reason he ended up in the hospital for a while, but now he is just worrying and imagining things as a result. I do my best to try and convince them that he is only hurting himself and that he has nothing to worry about, but I don't seem to be getting anywhere in convincing him.

August 26, 1980: Received three more pieces of mail this morning, two from my wife with pictures and information about our new home in Arizona; samples of drapery material, pictures of the landscaping, etc. Also received a letter from an old World War II girlfriend of mine stating that she received my July 9 letter. The one I had sent her on March 7 had never been received by her. She also mentioned that Mrs. Eleanor Tupper, whom I had also written in March and again on July 9 had received my July 9 letter according to an article in the Detroit Free Press. I'm so glad that both of them received my July letters as perhaps others that I wrote to the same month have received theirs also, and I re-wrote to many in July that had apparently never received my March and April letters.

Talked a long time again with Jerry who told me that this morning at about 4:00 a.m. his scalp was tingling and so he awoke and had to go to the bathroom, only to find that Hossein (whom he believes to be one of his chief persecutors) was on duty! It took me a long time to convince Jerry, and I'm not sure that I have been successful, that it was purely coincidental that his head was tingling at that time of the morning and that if it were, it was caused by the nerves in his scalp wound knitting together and not by some sort of “microwaves” that he thinks Hossein or some of the students are transmitting to him to persecute him and drive him mad. He really is bad off and I hope, for his sake, as well as for all of us, that we get out of here before he (and I'm sure there are others in the same fix) really flip their lids!

Don told me later today that Jerry had admitted to him sometime ago that he had tried to commit suicide; however, he has never admitted this to me. For some reason he is afraid to talk to me, thinking that I am going to tell the students (terrorists) what he has said. Why he feels this way about me, I have no idea. I have told him many times that I hate their guts and shall forever hate and despise them. Why he would think that I would cooperate with them by giving them any information as to what he might tell me, I don't understand. I guess that the poor guy is just so frightened that he doesn't really trust anyone anymore.

August 28, 1980: I went to bed about midnight last night and about 30 minutes or an hour after I got into bed, which would have been about 12:30 or 1:00 a.m. today I heard some gunfire. It came either from a machine gun or an automatic weapon. I'm not sure and am not exactly sure what time it was. Then I heard another sound that appeared to be like a crash of an automobile running into our building, but can't be sure either what it was. There was some sort of disturbance outside but what it was all about, I don't know. It could have just been some of these trigger happy student guards. Hohman heard it too.

Was taken outdoors in the sun for about an hour followed by a cold shower. Mohammed, the student (terrorist) now in charge of us as nearly as I can determine (he is not the other Mohammed who wears glasses and who used to be here when Akbar was here) was concerned because the shower wasn't hot. I told him that I had never had a really hot shower at the Medical Unit, where we are now taken. Later he said that cold showers were not good for our health and I told him that I could take the cold showers now but hoped that they would have hot ones by next winter—at which he just smiled and said "Perhaps you will be home by then." I surely would like to think so—preferably much before.

August 29, 1980: Our 300<sup>th</sup> day here!!!! Things really were off schedule today. Didn't get lunch until almost 3:30 p.m. Students said "things are a *little* late today" when I inquired whether we were ever going to have lunch. I reminded them that we were human beings and that even animals in captivity had regular feeding hours. The student (terrorist) said that "We are humans too" to which I replied, "Oh are you? I hadn't noticed!"

August 31, 1980: One of the student terrorists came into our room this evening. He was unusually friendly and asked the usual questions as to "How are you?", etc. to which I replied that I was *not* all right. As usual, he expressed surprise as to why I shouldn't be deliriously happy to be here, etc. I had only remembered seeing him a few times. He told us that he had nothing to do with mail (it seems that no one had anything to do with mail these days!) and that he took care of the telephone (I presume he meant the Embassy switchboard). Anyway, we got into the usual discussion. I stayed out of it as best I could, but Hohman and the student terrorist had a long discussion about the usual subjects—how the Shah must be returned, etc. Hohman claimed that the student terrorist said that we would soon be released, but neither Jerry nor I heard him say anything like that. He went on and on about how we "shouldn't worry" (the usual trite phrase) and that many of the hostages saw their side of the picture and liked them very much. I assured him that I was not included with that number and that I wasn't learning Farsi (when he inquired as to whether I was) because I never intended to return to Iran as long as I lived, even if their so-called government even extended an invitation to me to do so and that I never wanted anything to do with Iranians again in any part of the world as long as I lived. Of course he expressed great surprise that I should think of such a thing: that he was sure that I

would feel differently after we are released (whenever that may be!) but I assured him that he shouldn't hold his breath until I changed my mind, since I never intend to do so. Also that I regarded him and all the rest of the so-called students as terrorists as anyone who would hold me as a prisoner, behind bars and lock doors, away from my wife and home and country for now going on 11 months, guarded by armed terrorists, could not expect to be called anything but terrorists. Like all the rest, he insisted that they are *not* terrorists! They just can't accept the fact that they have committed criminal, terrorist acts. If any of the American hostages (and I suppose there are some) who have grown fond of them and sympathize with their views, then I want nothing at all to do with such Americans.

September 1, 1980: We begin our 11<sup>th</sup> month today on American Labor Day! Were taken for showers today but the new crew didn't understand that I also am permitted to sit in the sun for an hour before a shower, so I didn't get out in the sun today as I had hoped. It seems that we have an entire new crew—what I call the “second stringers”, as they surely don't know what they are supposed to do. As a result our mail, in particular, is suffering as we are receiving almost none now and I have no idea whether any of our letters are being mailed either. It is a really sad state of affairs and I wonder how much longer we are going to have to endure this existence.

September 2, 1980: Wrote a special note today to the “Person who reads our mail”, again reminding them that Akbar told me someone must now go personally to the Post Office to pick up our mail and no one appears to be doing so. Did receive one letter today from my nephew but am sure that these occasional letters are delivered to the Embassy by mistake and there must be a large quantity of mail down at the Post Office that no one is picking up.

Forgot to mention that last night the girls fixed us some home-made ice-cream, hot chocolate sauce, chopped up cashew nuts and a maraschino cherry to top it all! A regular home-made hot fudge sundae (almost)! Surely was a treat. Wrote a note and thanked them which I hope will be given to them. Also asked them to remind the guards, as I believe both of them speak Farsi fairly well, about the mail situation.

Jerry became very petulant while we were playing Scrabble, accusing me of his cheating on the scores when I was only kidding him. This caused quite a blow-up and Don Hohman told him off—telling him he was sick of his acting like he is the only one under stress and with problems. Just about broke up our Scrabble game! Trouble is that Jerry just has absolutely no sense of humor and is not too bright in many ways. We are all sick and tired of this existence, but is no excuse for taking kidding so seriously as he does. Will just let him cool off a bit. I must have caught a bit of a cold today as I had to urinate often that was accompanied by a bit of diarrhea—not seriously, however. I crawled into my sack for a couple of hours, primarily just to keep warm, took some aspirins and hope it will go away and is nothing more than a cold—hope it isn't going to be some urinary infection.

September 3, 1980: Cold seems to have cleared up a bit since my urinary problem has eased up. Don't have to run so often and so urgently. Received a couple pieces of mail today—one from my sister dated Aug. 10 and one from my brother dated August 3. My sister mentioned a couple of people in Michigan who received my early July letters and she had also received mine of July 3, so it seems that some of the “repeat” letters I wrote in July to replace those that were never mailed in March and April, have gotten through. Just hope more of them have too. Mohammed was in for a few minutes in the evening and brought Jerry some vitamins. I reminded him about

not getting out in the sun and again about our poor mail situation. Just received the usual “Don’t worry about it” phrase. Seems that Mohammed must be allowed only three minutes when he comes in occasionally to take care of our needs as he is always in such a rush to get away again!

September 4, 1980: Was taken for a period in the sun today but it was so late in the afternoon that I didn’t benefit from it. It is getting late in the year now and the sun is going down sooner than before. It was around 6:00 p.m. that we were taken out (no reason why we couldn’t have gone out earlier except that they are too lazy and disorganized to take us) and then had a shower afterwards in the Medical unit. First time I have had hot water for a shower in weeks! It was a good thing that we were taken for showers today as when I entered the bathroom at the Medical Unit I noticed something from Sun City West in the wastebasket. It was the monthly bulletin from there that my wife had sent me in late July and which I have been telling her that I have never received. I don’t know when it came in but obviously was thrown away since they no doubt considered it a newspaper and we are absolutely forbidden to have any news of the outside world! If they took the trouble to read it, they would see that it was just a monthly bulletin for August 1980 of S.C.W. activities—about the new “Sundome” theater, etc. So I picked it out of the wastebasket (fortunately it had not been torn up) and put it in my pocket, so now I have it!

September 5, 1980: We officially begin our 11<sup>th</sup> month of captivity today, our 307<sup>th</sup> day, as it was 10 months ago today, November 4, 1979, that we were taken as hostages, and there is no evidence of any kind that we can expect to be released within the foreseeable future. Everything seems to remain the same except that with each passing day we are held captive, but more and more ignored by our captors. No one comes to see us anymore—the local “Red Lion Society” (the Iranian equivalent of the Red Cross); the International Red Cross; religious leaders; TV cameramen; local gov’t officials—no one! We have absolutely no idea what, if anything, our own government is doing to obtain our freedom (obviously not much since we have now been here 10 months!), and we are given absolutely no news of any kind so we know absolutely nothing of what is going on in the outside world. Even our mail is chaotic now and we have no idea whether any of our letters are being mailed to our families or friends. We are told absolutely nothing—just the trite phrase “Don’t worry about it!”—a phrase that is increasingly making me sick to my stomach.

September 7, 1980: No mail from my wife since August 26—12 days! Had such a late breakfast today—it took them almost an hour to give me some bread, butter, juice and tea after I asked for it, that I didn’t want any lunch today. However, the guard on duty brought us some fresh dates and some fresh grapes. First time I have ever had fresh dates that I can recall and they are really delicious! Always before I have just had the pressed dates, but these fresh ones are so plump and juicy.

September 8, 1980: Was taken for an hour in the sun today followed by a shower. Shower was hot part of the time. The water mix is very hard to regulate. This evening just at dinner time one of the guards brought Don a short letter from his wife mailed from Frankfurt and also some photos of our house taken by my wife and sent on August 13, but with no accompanying letter. I asked him if there was a letter and he said he didn’t know! The photos were color shots of the interior in Sun City West showing the drapes and how the house is furnished—also a couple

shots of the exterior showing more of the landscaping. Oh yes, this afternoon when we were in the sun Jerry asked the guard (Mohammed—another Mohammed, not the one who used to bring in our breakfast) as to why he was carrying a rifle and he gave the usual reply that it was to protect us! From whom, I have no idea! The only ones we ever see are the guards inside and outside the Embassy and who else would be gunning for us is more than I can imagine. Besides, if anyone were interested in sniping at us it would be very easy to shoot us instead of the guards, as we are always made to walk around with towels over our heads, so we could be easily identified as the hostages.

September 9, 1980: This morning I had to get up about 4:00 a.m. as usual to go to the toilet but I knocked and knocked on the door in Jerry's room through which I must pass to go to the toilet and couldn't arouse anyone. Finally I went back into my own room and knocked on the locked door leading into the room adjacent to mine where the guards stay and in that way I finally aroused Hussein who is supposed to be reading classified documents (even at this late date), according to his statements. When I asked him how many times I had to pound on the door to go to the toilet he replied, "I don't know—until I come!" The fact that I awakened Jerry and possibly others doesn't mean a damn thing to them! I'm sure Hussein was sleeping and *not* reading classified documents.

This morning Jerry and I were asked to clean up the library which was quite a job as books hadn't been restacked on the shelves for a long time and everything was covered with dust. With both of us working, it took a couple of hours. We could also hear the students cleaning up outside and apparently using a power mower to cut the grass. Whether this means anything or not, I can't say. Jerry seems to think that things are drawing to a close, but I don't. I've heard this sort of thing going on before and nothing ever happens—also statements that we will be released soon (which Jerry has heard recently and it is giving him hope), but I don't believe anything and won't until I am airborne out of here!

September 11, 1980: Today was my day to clean the toilet so I worked hard for about an hour cleaning everything as best I could with detergent suds and Clorox. Jerry, Don and I take turns cleansing the toilet once each week. In the afternoon the student who is now supposed to be in charge of us as nearly as we can determine brought in a letter from a nurse friend in the U.S. that was postmarked September 4, just 7 days ago! Yet I still have had nothing from my wife since August 26 (her letter dated August 1)! The student said that he is now taking care of the mail and that he would have more for me that afternoon or tomorrow.

The letter mentioned that my wife was coming to Washington and had an appointment with Senator Udall of Arizona on Friday, September 5. Since I haven't heard from my wife since August 1, I have no idea why she has made the trip to Washington and who is paying for it, as I doubt that she would pay for a round-trip to D.C. just to talk with a Senator. Hope her letters (if I ever receive them) will contain more information. In the evening after dinner the three of us were talking about the treatment given us by the student-terrorists after we were captured and Jerry admitted to me (or in my presence, at least) for the first time that he had attempted to commit suicide and that was how he ended up in the hospital. He must have really been terrorized. Tomorrow is his 42<sup>nd</sup> birthday and I wrote a note to the girls asking them to bake him a cake for his birthday tomorrow. Don't know whether they received the note, or not.

September 12, 1980: Today is Jerry's 42<sup>nd</sup> birthday. Had really fresh Barbari bread for breakfast today! Ate so much of it, with butter and honey, that I didn't want any lunch! Wish we could get it everyday. While we were playing Scrabble this afternoon, the student who apparently is in charge of us brought me some Sun and Ski Suntan lotion from the Embassy CO-OP but when I asked him if there was any mail (which he had said he would bring yesterday afternoon or today), he just said "No" with no other explanation.

This evening I expected that the cake I had asked the girls to make would be brought in to Jerry as a surprise. Instead one of the guards brought me a note asking what kind of a cake we wanted and said it would be made tomorrow. I was a bit disappointed that they didn't make it for his birthday today, as I wanted it as a surprise for him. However, there may have been some reason for not doing so but at least they are given our notes and this was the first time that I have been sure of it.

We are wondering whether there may be something going on, as we can hear the students using a power mower on the grass in the Compound and also from time to time we hear scraping sounds as though they are cleaning up junk outside. Don thinks that perhaps they are cleaning up the place in preparation for a visit by the International Red Cross or some other VIP's as we were asked to clean the library, etc. Perhaps this is just wishful thinking on our part and I don't really know what to make of it. In June, when Akbar took over as our Supervisor he told me that "he hoped" something would be decided about releasing us "at least by October" as that is when the students wanted to get back to the university, so sometimes I think possibly something may be working up toward releasing us by the beginning of early October. On the other hand, I think that perhaps we may be being kept until at least November 4, our Election Day in the U.S., just to embarrass the U.S. and possibly have some effect on the election as it seems to me that they ought to realize by this time they are not going to succeed in having the Shah returned nor having the Shah's money in the U.S. returned to them either, particularly to an Iranian Gov't as unstable as this one.

Again, all this may just be wishful thinking on my part and I surely hope that we will be released by November or even earlier as I dread to think of being here another Christmas! Even though they may be cleaning the place up a bit I'm sure they aren't going to remove all the signs they have written all over the walls everywhere in the Embassy Residence, the Chancery, etc., such as "Yankee Go Home--Yankee, you will *deid* in Iran—Down with the Carter; Masked Human Rights; Down with the Shah and Carter; etc." They want us to go home—yet they won't release us!

September 13, 1980: This afternoon as we were playing Scrabble our Supervisor came in and asked Jerry and me to clean the exercise room. I haven't been in the exercise room since early April when Bruce German and I played Ping-Pong there every morning at 11:30. You can't imagine the mess it was in! Apparently someone had been trying to put out a fire in it or was just experimenting with a fire extinguisher and the foam from the fire extinguisher was all over one corner. Dust was an inch thick on everything as it hasn't been used at all since the big move on April 25.

We did the best we could, first dusting with the vacuum cleaner, then mopping the floor several times to get up the extinguisher foam, and washing off the Ping-Pong table, etc. The vacuum cleaner doesn't work very well either. In fact, I haven't seen a decent vacuum cleaner since I have been here. Can't understand what the General Services Section used or why they hadn't ordered new ones.



I also noticed on one of the desks piled up in the hallway near the exercise room one of the Embassy's impression seals. Don't know whether they were using it for anything or not. This evening at dinnertime they brought in the cake for Jerry's birthday. It was very attractively done—a white cake with chocolate frosting and on it the girls had spelled out with maraschino cherries "Happy Birthday" and put one candle on it. They had put the cake on a tray along with a birthday greeting hand-made by them, a small vase with some ivy in it, and there was also a small bottle of cologne and a note reading "Happy Birthday---Students". Don't know whether the cologne was from them or from the girls.

We lit the candle and sang "Happy Birthday to You" for Jerry and he made his wish that we all get out of here soon. Let's hope his birthday wishes come true. Oh yes, while we were cleaning the exercise room I asked our Supervisor about our mail and he claimed they didn't have any—that Mohammed [takes care of mail] (I believe he was referring to the fellow we call "Little Mohammed" who speaks English well—he studied in England—and who wears shell-rim glasses.) I replied that I understood that Mohammed was in the hospital, as he is suffering from some sort of stomach trouble, but our Supervisor said he is not.

He said that Mohammed would have to go to the Post office to see about the mail. Why he hasn't done so long before this, I can't understand. I have certainly written enough notes reminding them to do so. Our Supervisor also mentioned old mail—saying they had some five months old! I told him that we would like the old mail very much but he replied that someone has to read it! When I inquired as to the need to censor mail five months old he just shrugged his shoulders and said that someone must read it once—so you can be sure we will never see it, if no one has censored it and given it to us during the past five months. This was during the time that Hamid was in charge of us and why we received so little mail and why none of ours went out. Our present Supervisor assured me that my letters were being mailed, but I have no reason to believe him and since I am not receiving any from my wife, I have no way of knowing whether she is getting any of my letters.

After dinner when I knocked to go to the toilet one of the student-terrorists who was guarding us back in January and February came to the door. When I put my towel over my head he began to wrap it around my neck and I pulled it away. We had a bit of a struggle as I kept pulling it away to wear it as I usually do and in the manner that all the other student-terrorists accept it and he kept putting it back. I lost my temper and told him to "Keep your fucking hands off me, God damn you." He started [to go] away and to close the door in my face, rather than taking me to the toilet and I said, "God damn you—take me to the toilet." Then he said, "I will ask". Who he asked, I don't know, unless it was Hossein who is usually here at night (the one who is still supposed to be reading classified documents) and then he returned shortly and let me wear the towel so I can see my feet as I usually do. I suppose we are going to have to put up with that old shit again now that some of the old student-terrorist are coming back. How much longer are we going to have to put up with all this, I just wish I knew!

September 14, 1980: Our Supervisor now whose name is "Mossein" as nearly as I can determine, brought me an airmail package (actually a book mailer) that had been sent to me on August 9 by someone in Bloomfield Hills, Michigan for which the person paid \$2.54 postage on a \$2.95 book that took 35 days to reach me. The book is entitled "A Reason to Live! A Reason to Die!", a religious book by a Catholic priest named John Powell, S.J. There was no accompanying letter or note. Frankly, I am sick and tired of people sending me religious books and material and this one is hardly the thing that I need now to comfort me. I imagine that my letter to Mrs. Tupper

was published and in that letter I told Mrs. Tupper that I wished I had her faith, but I don't, that I have traveled a great deal and have seen concentration camps where millions of people suffered horribly and died and that their supplications were never answered and I could never understand that.

When I asked "Mossein" if that was all there was, he assured me that it was and said "You don't believe me!" I told him I *couldn't* believe him as I was sure there was much mail at the local Post Office and that, as I had repeatedly informed him and other student-terrorists, someone *must* go to the post Office to claim it and pick it up and bring it to the embassy. I explained to him how we had received much mail when Akbar was here but now we receive only a few stray pieces that are accidentally delivered here rather than being held at the Post Office. He promised me that he would go personally to the Post Office tomorrow to check on the mail, but I doubt that he will. I have had nothing at all from my wife now for 21 days!

Yesterday when I was helping to clean the exercise room I found two old copies of a radical newspaper called "The Militant", published at 14 Charles Lane, New York 10014. It is the organ of the "Socialist-Workers Party" but embraces all radical movements. The copies were dated Jan. 16 and Feb. 1. There were articles in it about the hostage situation. In one article, captioned "Opposition Deepens to U.S. attacks on Iran" it quoted several ministers of religion who apparently had returned from a fact finding trip to Iran in December or early January, which group apparently concluded that the U.S. had supported a terrorist regime under the Shah and seemed to follow the student-terrorists' propaganda line. They were the Rev. William Kirby, Methodist-Presbyterian Chaplain at Princeton University; the Rev. Jimmy Allen of the Southern Baptist Convention (stated to be a personal friend of President Carter); the Rev. John Walsh, Baptist Chaplain at Princeton; the Rev. Charles Cesaretti of the Episcopal Church in New York City. It will be interesting to read when I get home what these clergymen actually recommended. Another article indicated that the student-terrorists were members of the "Muslim Students Following the Iman's Line" (I have also heard it referred to as those in the "Path of the Iman" and said that "When people with no weapons and empty hands, with only faith and unity *overthrew the largest power of the world*, this brings hope for all people."

It seems to me that all of the student-terrorists who belong to the foregoing organization, and those who support it here in Iran and in the United States, have by so doing disqualified themselves forever for visas to enter the U.S. under Section 212 (a)(27) of the Immigration and Nationality Act as "attempting to overthrow the government of the United States by force". I am going to recommend to the State Department that in the future all persons of Iranian nationality, or those of other nationalities who have resided in Iran, be required to sign a statement to the effect that they have (or have not) been members of the foregoing organization—or supported it. If they have, then visas should be refused them. If they claim they have not and it should later be determined that they have lied, then they should have their visas revoked under Sect. 212(a)(19) of the INA as "having misrepresented a material fact" and their visas should also be revoked and the applicants deported from the U.S.

We were taken out about 5:00 p.m. for a period in the sun and followed by showers, however it was too late for the sun as there wasn't any in the enclosure where we were taken (it is now getting too late in the year). When I suggested another enclosure (the garage area where we are usually taken) the student-guard, the one with whom I had the fight about the towel last night, said it was "forbidden". What they are doing there now, I have no idea unless they are hauling away items of furniture stored in the garage. I'm sure by now the entire Compound is

being methodically stripped of everything as yesterday, in particular, I could hear a truck going back and forth all day.

September 15, 1980: Mossein came in today and brought me a jar of Sanka coffee and three aspirins in response to my request for a bottle of pure aspirin. Told me I have to ask for what I need each day! Brought Don a jar of honey and when I asked for some too he said that "Don was sick" and therefore he gets the honey and I don't. There is lots of honey in Iran and plenty of our money to buy it with—the money they have stolen from us, yet I guess I have to be sick to get it! Brought Jerry two letters but again nothing for Don or me. When I reminded Mossein that someone must go to the post Office to pick up the mail he just replied by saying, "No, the mail is delivered here." But with no explanation as to why neither Don or I receive letters from our wives whereas before I used to receive many from my wife. In July I was given 11 of her letters; in June I was given 16, yet I have received only one of her August letters and here it is the middle of September! I have made up my mind that I will do no more cleaning of rooms for them—just nothing at all—until they start giving me my mail again.

September 17, 1980: (319<sup>th</sup> Day!) Finally was given some mail today! Three airletters from my wife: July 27 (52 days enroute!), August 13 and 17. Since the other day I received an airletter in only 7 days from Wash., D.C. one can easily see how long some items of mail lie around here before they are given to us. Also received a letter dated August 14 (35 days) from a friend near Detroit and a cheery card from my former 1943 girlfriend in Bloomfield Hills, Michigan. Mossein, who brought the mail, said there would be more mail in about three days—the time, I suppose, it will take for someone to censor what is here. Mossein didn't say where the mail came from, but I'm sure someone finally had the gumption to go to the Post Office and pick it up.

Also I believe "Little Mohammed" (the one with shell rim glasses who speaks English well since he lived in England for four years and who has been in the hospital lately) may be back on the job and catching up on censoring our mail. Genthe apparently had enclosed an article in his letter about his being named the "Senior Citizen of the Month" as he mentioned it in his letter, but the article was taken out and a note made on the letter saying "the paper was not enclosed because of having news!! Some news! Anyway, just getting this bit of mail has picked up my spirits considerably.

The medical student doctor was also in and took my blood pressure. It was 125/70, so is normal. He said he would come back in a few days to give me another EKG. I also managed to get a bottle of pure aspirin out of him, which I have not been able to do with any of the other guards, so now have a decent supply on hand. Jerry has been suffering from diarrhea for the past couple days, so the medical student actually came in to see him and saw me for a few minutes at the same time.

September 19, 1980: (321<sup>st</sup> Day!) Was given two more letters from my wife today—hers of August 15 and 19. She also mentioned that more of my July letters were getting through to friends and family. Jerry and I were taken out for showers this morning and also had an hour in the sun before showering. Sun was lovely and warm, but not hot, and it was delightful to sit in it. Noticed that the area in back of the residence that I always refer to as the "vegetable garden patch" has been cleaned up. The junk that has been lying there for months has all been carted away so it looks as though something is happening which may be the windup of this affair. I

would like to think so but am afraid it is only wishful thinking. Had to ride over in a van today (no seats in it) so had to sit on the floor on a flannel sheet.

September 20, 1980: (322<sup>nd</sup> Day!) The student-terrorists were still busy at their cleanup today, especially cleaning up the area near the Chancery. Could also hear them until fairly late in the afternoon (or early morning) apparently removing a number of propane gas bombs from the Chancery. Surely looks as though they are preparing for something, but can't determine just what. They surely wouldn't have done any of this work unless they have been ordered to do so, as they are such filthy slobs they would prefer to wallow in their own filth, I'm sure, rather than lift a hand to do any work. Akmahd, the flat-faced former mailman was in my room today with another terrorist snooping around. I asked him if they were going to repaint the place (joking, of course) as they were looking in particular at the door from my room leading to the one where the terrorists stay while standing their guard duty. (I suppose that Hossein uses that room to read all his classified document!) Akmahd said they were just checking to see what was needed, so I said "What we need is more mail...lots of it!" to which he replied, "I'll see that you receive more mail." I wonder!

September 21, 1980: (323<sup>rd</sup> Day!!!) This was a long and dreary day. *First day of Autumn* and it really seemed that way too as it was dull and overcast outdoors, the first dull day of this type we have had. Also my air conditioner is conking out (or has conked out), as it runs for about 10 minutes and then shuts itself off, after making a lot of noise, speeding up as though the fan motor is out of control, and then suddenly stops. When I put it on "Low Cool" it makes a terrific noise, although it does cool somewhat, but won't start itself up again except when it is on fan—so at night I now just leave it on fan as the air outdoors is cooler and it brings in enough cool air to make sleeping possible. Thank goodness it has lasted through the hot summer months anyway.

Jerry is having another one of his moods (of which I am getting sick and tired). No doubt I said something to him in a joking way that has offended him (he has absolutely no sense of humor and can't take much kidding) as he now takes his food and eats by himself and didn't speak to me all day today. Also didn't bring up playing Scrabble which is the main thing he wants to do since we taught him the game. So I spent my day studying Spanish and reading, since Don also sleeps all day too. There seemed to be absolutely no activity around here even though it is Sunday and it is a normal workday for the Iranians—yet it was unusually quiet and very, very boring. Tried to get my window open tonight so I could shut the air conditioner off completely, but wasn't able to budge it, so until I can get someone to open the window I will have to continue using the air conditioner in its present poorly operating condition.

September 22, 1980: (324<sup>th</sup> day !!!) Partly overcast today. Continued to run my air conditioner to dry my laundry better but it makes such a terrific noise now and only runs about 10 minutes before conking out for a while that I managed to open my window and am going to shut it off from here on in. About 7:30 p.m. the wind began to blow hard and I looked out my window to see if a storm was coming up and saw that it was raining. Also that there were about 12 cars at least parked below my window so there must be some sort of meeting going on here! Don said he had seen a Mercedes and other large cars so they don't appear to be those of the students. Then Mossein come in to Don's room awhile I was talking with him and pulled the drapes over this one window and went into my room to do the same, so they obviously don't want us to be

looking out to see what is going on. Just hope this all means something good! Don said Mossein pulled the drapes in his room and had him shut off the ceiling lights—just using a table lamp he had in his room. Mossein said, “I know you won’t look out the window, but no light must show through because the planes might shoot if they see the light.” What planes? Certainly not ours! It could be they are afraid of their own opposition as no one will ever convince me that all 35,000,000 people in Iran are backing these terrorists as the terrorists claim.

Anyway, Mossein then came into my room and closed my drapes too and brought in a floor lamp that was so dirty with such a small bulb in it that I could hardly see to read by it! Then when I went into to do the evening dishes they shut off the table lamp that we now use there since the ceiling light burned out several weeks ago and has never been replaced. I had only a small fluorescent portable “camping light” to use in the toilet. They surely are afraid of something. Our dinner tonight was served unusually early and was much less than usual. It was enough, of course, but not the sumptuous meal that the girls usually prepare for us. It was brought to us to use at 8:00 p.m. instead of the usual 8:30 or usually 9:00 p.m. and consisted of a shrimp salad, some cooked carrots and a butterscotch pudding, with iced tea as usual. Nothing else happened for the remainder of the evening, so we have no idea what the meeting was all about, who attended it, or what has been decided concerning our fate.

September 23, 1980: (325<sup>th</sup> Day !!!) Went into the toilet about 11:30 to wash my trousers and some other laundry—also to take my usual stand-up sponge bath—and could hear a big commotion outside on the Avenue Taleghani side. A big drum was beating and then a band playing the usual monotonous and same chant. It sounded as though there was a big crowd although probably mostly women and children according to the sound of the voices, chanting the usual “Allah Akbar”; “Khomeini Akbar”, etc. Everyone sounded pretty excited (or else they were being exhorted to sound that way) so don’t know whether something has been decided in their favor, or what. Perhaps they are going to get the Shah back after all!

This evening just before dinner time one of the terrorists came in and again told us we would have to draw our drapes and put a blanket over my floorlamp. I told him that if he wanted to close the drapes he should do it himself as it was his idea, not mine. Also told him the same for the lamp—that I didn’t have another blanket anyway except the one I am sleeping under. (Actually I have, but I am keeping that for colder weather and am not about to use it for draping over a dirty lamp). So he brought in another blanket and tossed it on my desk. I told him that if he wanted it over the lamp to put it on himself, as it was his idea, not mine and I didn’t want it. The lamp has only a 60 watt bulb so isn’t very bright to read by or eat by, but it will have to do. Don’t know what they are so paranoid about now about not having lights on at night. They again told Don it was to “protect us” from planes! Again, what planes! Our government doesn’t have the guts to come in and bomb the hell out of this place as should be done, but probably the terrorists own “spies” in the U.S. among the students there have sent them a warning that they may be attacked by the U.S.! Can’t figure out any other reason why they are now so paranoid about “planes” shooting at us! They are really stark, staring, raving, mad! Conditions keep going from bad to worse each day! Jerry is still going around not speaking. I’m beginning to think that the injury to his head when he attempted suicide really has affected his brain!

September 24, 1980 (326<sup>th</sup> Day !!!) This morning Mossein came in and read us instructions about a new ruling on our letter writing. Even though we aren’t being given much mail now they are again restricting us to not more than three letters per week of not more than 25 lines each

(which is nothing!) and that we shouldn't write "nonsense" (whatever they mean by that!) He said that Don had referred to this place at the "Hotel Tehran" in one of his letters, which is what they apparently mean by "nonsense". We were warned that if we didn't comply our letters wouldn't be mailed—which is no surprise, since I doubt that many are mailed anyway. When I asked for incoming mail, Mossein said there wasn't any, to which I replied, "That's a lie and you know it", but he just turned on his heel and walked out, so I have no idea if and when I will receive any more.

This evening we went through a lot more of the usual crap we are having to put up with these past few days, that is, darkening the room each night. What they are afraid of now, I don't know, but either they think there is going to be an air raid from the U.S which seems ridiculous because the U.S. doesn't have the guts to do anything now to take us by force, I'm sure. They could have done so in the first few days of our captivity, but it is too late now. Don had a big fight with one of the terrorists who wanted to block out his table lamp when he protested that last night it had been approved as is by Mossein (just learned that the correct spelling is "Mohsen") and it resulted in the terrorist getting "Hossein" in here. He and Don had a big squabble that gradually calmed down into a lengthy discussion with the usual line that Hossein gives out (the same as he did to me a few weeks ago), about how we will either be brought to trial or released if and when the Shah is returned; how Egypt and Sadat are considered to be "puppets" of the U.S., etc. He told Don that of course they know that he, I, and others like us are not spies and that if brought to trial we would be released but that certain of the "hard-core" CIA agents (on which they claim they have proof of their spying) would be executed. In other words, any trial would just be a farce as everyone's guilt has already been decided! Anyway, Hossein then made us turn off all our lights completely to which Don protested strongly because he sleeps all day and stays up at night reading, but his protests were to no avail.

Before all this happened, however, I had a knock-down and drag-em out fight with Jerry who said that he thought I had been "coached" by the terrorists to get information out of him. I told him that I was sick and tired of his constantly feeling sorry for himself, as though none of the rest of us had any problems except him and that I considered it an insult that he would even think that I was working for the terrorists and that, in my opinion, he was accusing me of being a traitor. Also that I was sick and tired of his walking around like a ghost, sitting by himself all day, refusing to have anything to do with me, and acting like a martyr and brooding all day long. I told him that I believed his head injury really had affected his brain. It was good to get it all out in the open and perhaps it will change his attitude. As though things aren't bad enough around here, he goes around all day brooding and worrying instead of trying to be more sociable and making life as pleasant as it can be under the circumstances. One thing Hossein did tell Don was that in probably 40 or 50 days a decision will be made as to what is to be done with us. Whether there is anything to this or not remains to be seen. However, the 40 days would bring us to November 4 which is the date I have been predicting something will be done. Whether it will be to our advantage or not also remains to be seen, but it will then be one entire year since we were taken as hostages and also Election Day in the U.S., so the possibility exists that they *may* release us then when they have either shown that they have been able to defeat Carter by their actions (which is highly unlikely), or will be able to show that they have embarrassed the U.S. by holding us for a year in defiance of the U.S. If they don't release us then, then I have no idea what will happen and if they will ever release us. It is a discouraging prospect from any viewpoint as I dread to think that we are going to have to remain here even another 40 or 50 days

before we will know what will then happen. How our Gov't is permitting this to happen, I don't know, but it surely makes me lose faith in my own government.

September 25, 1980: (327<sup>th</sup> Day !!!) We were taken out for a shower today but it was so late that that there was no sun at all in the "vegetable garden enclosure" in back of the Embassy residence where we were taken for sun. I raised such a fuss and made myself so angry at them that I am sure they are well aware of it, as I had specifically asked the day before by note to be taken in the sun for an hour and then a shower. It is now getting so late in the year that it is important that I get all the sun I can and yet they consistently ignore my requests.

This evening our dinner was early again and I believe the reason is that the girls haven't been told that the clocks have been turned back. We didn't know it until a couple of nights ago—just when it went into effect I don't know, but it was about a week ago I believe. I'm sure the girls haven't been told as we now get our dinner about 7:30 or 9:00 p.m. whereas before we usually were served between 8:30 and 9:00 and sometimes later.

Tonight air alert sirens went off and there was considerable anti-aircraft firing—some of it big stuff from the sound of things and we could see quite a few tracer bullets in the sky. There was also some firing of automatic rifles on the Compound. Just whose planes are flying overhead, I don't know, but they are obviously scared about things as we had to turn off all our lights again—couldn't even have a covered lamp. They brought in candles and we finished our Scrabble game for today in candlelight and then had our dinner the same way. We had to argue to have them turn on the circuit that the former air conditioning element was on, as well as the one the present A/C is on, in order that we could have our electronic mosquito killer which is necessary now that I have my window open at night and no longer use the defective air conditioner. Finally they turned that circuit on but it took considerable arguing as they were so deathly afraid that we might turn on some lights. The air alert came about 7:30 or 8:00 p.m. Then later when I had to go to the toilet they would only turn on the lamp in the bathroom, which was heavily draped with a blanket, long enough for me to do the necessary, to clean my teeth, etc.

September 26, 1980: (328<sup>th</sup> Day !): This morning had another fight to get breakfast and to make the terrorists understand what we wanted, yet breakfasts are always the same—bread, butter, jam, tea and orange juice! We got cold tea and then only half a glass, very little bread, butter and at first no jam until I managed to make him understand what it was! We also made a special request to go out in the sun early today since we didn't get any yesterday. Shortly thereafter old Hamid came in "just to see how we were" (so he said). I asked him what the "war" was all about and how did they feel knowing they had enemies? He said that it was only "for practice" which, of course I don't believe since they have been much too scared the past few months for it to be just "practice" which they would have been aware of. Just whose planes they were shooting at, of course, I don't know. It would be good to know that they are ours—and I would even be glad if they were Russian. It might make these jerks realize that they are opposing powerful forces and it is high time to learn that they are playing with fire to keep opposing the U.S. with Russia right on their border. Anyway, Hamid seemed to want to make conversation and wanted to know what I did all day, etc. I told him that every day was the same—that I did my exercises, studied Spanish, did some reading, wrote some letters but pointed out to him that we were restricted again so I didn't spend much time writing: that we usually played two or three games

of Scrabble in the afternoon and that I did some reading, but not as much as before since I was studying Spanish now.

We then got one the subject of mail and I told him how little I was now receiving and he said he would look into the matter. I don't know whether he is now back as our supervisor, or what, but I bitched to him about all my complaints; how I was no longer going to cooperate by cleaning up the library and the exercise room as Jerry and I did; how we have difficulty keeping the toilet supplied with items necessary for cleaning and doing dishes; how we only get one shower a week and then don't get out in the sun as I consistently request; etc., etc. I showed him how long it takes for me to receive letters and told him that the problem wasn't in the transmission (since I recently received one letter from the U.S. in only 7 days) but that the mail just laid around here and wasn't given to us regularly. I pointed out to him how much mail I usually receive, of which he is well aware as he was our mailman for months. He said he would look into it, but I doubt it.

I harped at him about how their entire system was wrong; how the students (whom I called terrorists) went out of their way to make us angry and then wondered why we became so. I told him that they were exceptionally cruel and unkind which he denied, saying that they were *not* "terrorists" but students but I told him that when I am kept for almost a year in a locked room, constantly guarded by so-called "students" with loaded guns, when I couldn't even go to the toilet or for showers without being blindfolded and constantly guarded—then, in my opinion, they were terrorists and had no right to call themselves anything else. I reminded him about how cruel they were to my wife to keep us separated, especially since I was no longer a young man, had never had anything to do with Iran before I came here, that I was sent here for 45 days and have been held for almost a year and am treated like a child, and that when they do things like this they are "terrorists" pure and simple and had long ago ceased to be students. He said that they tried to be kind to us but that "our government" was the one that was difficult as it wouldn't agree to anything. I reminded him again that I told him and other student-terrorists right from the first day of our captivity that the U.S. Government would never agree to negotiate with "gangsters and terrorists" and that while they may not consider themselves to be terrorists and gangsters, that is exactly what they are regarded in the eyes of the world.

Shortly after he left Jerry and I were taken outdoors for an hour of sunshine in the vegetable garden enclosure. It was really delightful, as the sun at this time of the year is mellow and warm, without being hot, and we did get our full hour! While there Hamid came to see how we were and reminded me again that they were doing all they could to be nice to us (of which I am not convinced).

Then Jerry and I had another squabble and I told him that all of his problems were those he had brought upon himself, as he was constantly imagining things, worrying too much and that he wasn't doing anything to help himself—that he was only making matters worse by constantly worrying and withdrawing to himself and feeling sorry for himself. This was precipitated by the fact that when Hamid asked him how he was and whether he felt he was being treated OK, Jerry replied to the effect that he was mainly concerned that "the students and the public were not told untruths about himself", as if he should give a shit about what the students were told or thought of him! This morning was the first time that he actually admitted to me that he had tried to commit suicide, although he still didn't go into detail, but he started in again about how they had harassed him about "radio broadcasts", playing tapes that kept repeating his "code name", "posts where he had served", etc., which in my opinion is all in his imagination since he is such a "worry wart" of which I reminded him.



I told him how he was only hurting himself by withdrawing to himself, lying on his bed all day doing nothing but thinking of himself and in general, just feeling sorry for himself. I told him it was just this that made him attempt suicide and that he should snap out of it; that I would never give these bastards the satisfaction of committing suicide; that I had much too much to live for and that I was going to walk out of here someday in as good a shape as I came in. That is why I keep myself busy each day (even though I force myself to do so) by exercising, studying, writing letters, reading, playing Scrabble, etc. to keep my mind occupied. I told him how I resented his suddenly ceasing to share his meals with me, to stop talking to me, etc. Then later on I noticed that the shadow had crept over him and I merely said, "You're not getting much sunshine that way" when he replied "Oh I can't seem to do anything right". With that I snapped, "Oh shut up! I'm not even going to speak with you anymore"! So from here on in, if he wants to continue to withdraw and feel sorry for himself all day long, he is welcome to it. I'm getting completely fed up with him.

Jerry seemed to snap out of his mood after I told him that I didn't want to speak to him anymore and this afternoon even suggested that we play a game of Scrabble and began to act like a normal human being. Then this evening the usual game started up again with the air raid bit. They brought in some blankets and wanted us to cover our windows completely. I refused to do so as I have drapes I can pull over one window and the other has the air conditioner in it which is too hard to cover up and I just wasn't about to make a dungeon out of my room. It took a bit of arguing but I convinced them to leave things the way they are and that I would not attempt to turn on the light in my room and would close the door between it and Jerry's room.

Jerry and Hohman did cover their windows completely with blankets. Don, however, said he would do so on the proviso that they would then let him have his lamp on for reading since he stays up all night and sleeps during the day. One of the terrorists promised him that it would be OK to do so. However, while we were having our dinner they turned off all the electricity in our rooms. This so enraged Hohman that he tore the drapes off his window as well as the blanket he had put over his air conditioner shouting that he didn't need them. When I tried to get them to put the electricity on so that I could connect my electronic mosquito killer, since I now leave my windows open day and night as I am no longer using the air conditioner which doesn't work well, they wouldn't do so. Fortunately, the mosquitoes didn't bother me all night.

I tried to get the information out of the terrorists as to whose planes were flying overhead. (Tonight they came over again and there was sporadic anti-aircraft fire, but not so much as last evening.) Of course they wouldn't tell me, saying that "afterwards I would know", but one terrorist did refer to "war". I believe that the Iraqis are probably causing them some trouble—probably not outright warfare, but border skirmishes and nuisance flights over Tehran to stir them up or frighten them. I doubt that it would be the Russians and doubt that it would be our planes either. Anyway, I would prefer that they have some serious air-raids rather than these nuisance flights, as they just cause us inconvenience without helping our situation any.

September 27, 1980: (329<sup>th</sup> Day !!!) Electricity was still off this morning when I got up about 9:00 a.m. (woke up early because I went to bed earlier than usual last night because of no lights). Had quite a time trying to get them to turn the electricity on as I wanted to use our electric grill to make some coffee. Tried some Kellogg's 40% Bran Flakes they gave me a while ago (expired in August 1979) but they weren't too bad tasting. Made some milk from powdered milk and had cereal and coffee for breakfast instead of the usual stale bread, butter, jam and tea.

Just while I was preparing my break one of the terrorists came in and told Jerry to come with him. He was gone about 30 to 45 minutes. When he came back I asked him where they had taken him and he replied that they had just taken him to another room where they made him wait and then brought him back. "It was probably a mistake", he said, which of course I don't believe at all. I think something is up with him but in his usual way he is probably too frightened to discuss it with me. Can't imagine that they would take him out of his room, let him sit in another empty room for 30 to 45 minutes and then call it a "mistake". Just what is happening, however, I have no idea. Perhaps it was just a mistake, as Hohman mentioned later in the day that they had come into his room and awakened him (he stays up all night and sleeps most of the day) and he told them to go away and refused to listen to the terrorist who came in. Then they must have come in and got Jerry, but what for, no one seems to know.

The terrorists have been hammering all day and have even had someone in to fix the two bathroom sinks. They have now restored the drain trap elbows that they removed many months ago. Up until today we have always had to have a waste basket under the sink to catch the draining water and then had to carefully watch the baskets to make sure that it didn't run over before emptying it. Why they haven't fixed the drains long before this, I'll never know. However, it looks as though they may be getting ready to let us go (in another 40 to 50 days, perhaps after we have been here one year, as Hohman has noticed that they are doing some repainting in the hallways, probably removing many of the slogans they have written all over everything such as "Yankee you will die in Iran" "Yankee—go home"; "Down with Carter and the Shah—Masked Human Rights", etc., etc. I don't know if they are going to clean up and repaint the Embassy residence and the DCM's residence but the mess they have made of everything will require a lot of work and painting as well as general clean-up. However, with several hundred students to draw on (their source seems to be endless) they could do it by November if they so desire.

Tonight was another mild air-alert, but nothing much seemed to happen except that all of our electricity was turned off again and we had to eat by candlelight. We talked for a while and then went to bed early. Fortunately the mosquitoes didn't bother me. The days are really beautiful now and it is a tragedy that we have to remain cooped up indoors. I'll miss another lovely autumn season at home. The stars and the moonlight tonight were particularly beautiful. Surely wish I were enjoying them from the patio of my new home in Arizona!

September 28, 1980: (330<sup>th</sup> Day !!!) Nothing in particular happened today until late afternoon when we were playing Scrabble. Mohsen and another terrorist came in and told Jerry and Hohman they were going to staple blankets over their windows. They apparently decided not to touch my room since I still have drapes over one window and can close the door between my room and Jerry's; also I must always enter and leave Jerry's room when I go to the toilet so any light from the hallway comes into Jerry's room and not mine when I close my door. I am glad they didn't touch mine as I like to keep my window open at night for fresh air. Hohman told them that if they stapled blankets to his window he would tear them down and when Mohsen said they would take action against him Hohman replied "Fuck you!" They stapled blankets to Jerry's windows, making it as dark as a dungeon and just about as airless. Then they came into my room where the three of us were playing Scrabble—Mohsen together with another terrorist who doesn't speak English and Mohsen, whose English isn't very good anyway, interpreted for him. They asked Hohman why he didn't cooperate with them, called them names, and fought with them when they were doing "everything possible" to make our lives more pleasant and

convenient! Hohman told them that when they started to treat him as a human being he would respond in the same way but as long as they persisted in kicking him around, denying him all his rights, etc. he would fight them every inch of the way. He told them how they had promised that he could keep his lamp on at night when they covered his windows two nights ago and then turned off the electricity anyway.

Mohsen tried to say that it was a misunderstanding and that Hohman should have protested to him; the trouble was that he wasn't around and every other terrorist acts on his own, so there was no way that Hohman could stop them from turning off the electricity. Mohsen said that these days were "very hard days for them" (meaning the air raids at night) and they asked us to "help" them! Can you imagine! They have kept us prisoners for eleven months, denied us all our basic human rights and then ask *us* to *help* them! These people are absolutely mad! Finally Mohsen agreed that if they covered Hohman's windows with blankets he would be allowed to have his lamp on at night so he could read.

However, while we were eating in Jerry's room one of the terrorists came in and told Hohman he had to turn off his light which Hohman refused to do. This started another squabble with this terrorist and Hohman refused to run off his light, ordering the terrorist to get out of his room and to find Mohsen. Finally this was settled in Hohman's favor and both he and Jerry were allowed to have lights on in their room; also since they kept the electricity on I also had power for my electronic mosquito destroyer which I was able to have on all night.

During dinner there was again anti-aircraft fire, including shooting by some of the terrorists on the Compound with their automatic rifles. Apparently they are under the impression they can hit an aircraft with their automatic rifles (I think they are G-3's!). During the day we had heard radio broadcasts apparently telling people what to do when they heard the air alert sirens and another sound when the air alert was over. After tonight's air raid we could hear some of the terrorists in the Compound singing and chanting in favor of Khomeini—apparently thinking they have won the war already. I still think that Iraq is the one that is causing the trouble for Iran—probably they want to take over the big oil outlets at Abadan on the Persian Gulf which ought to be relatively easy since the Iraqi-Iranian border comes together very near Abadan. Of course, since we are told nothing and have no access to news, I can only imagine, but it seems logical to me.

September 29, 1980: (331<sup>st</sup> Day !!!) Very quiet all day. No air raid alert tonight—not even one shot fired so perhaps the 'war' is over! Gave Mohsen a long memo today spelling out the number of letters I have received from my wife in August and no mail at all received from anyone in the past 10 days. Told them that I don't deserve such treatment—asking him to do something about it. We'll see what happens, if anything. Hohman received a magazine tonight from a nurse in Ft. Lauderdale and also a letter from a housewife in Brazil dated August 29 and that is all the mail we have had lately.

September 30, 1980: (332<sup>nd</sup> Day !!!): Again very quiet all day and no air raid alert this evening. We still have to keep our windows darkened and the toilet had only a small candle burning in it again this evening so it is impossible to do our dinner dishes at night now and must wait until morning.

October 1, 1980: (333<sup>rd</sup> Day !!!): Were taken out for sunshine this morning and were left about two hours in the warm sun. Really delightful. Mohsen was there and I asked him if the war was

over and he said no. After our shower we returned to our rooms and had lunch when Akbar came in. He confirmed to us that Iran and Iraq are at war. He said that Iraq wants the “river” between the two countries and I said, “You mean that Iraq wants to have Abadan, the big oil port!” and Akbar finally admitted that this was the case. Then he tried to explain that the reason we have not had any mail is that with the war on between the two countries there are no planes coming into Iran now and therefore no mail is coming in or going out.

He further said that the Parliament wants to release the hostages, but have now put that matter aside because of the war between Iraq and Iran and also because they are preoccupied with electing a new Prime Minister and other government officials. He was of the opinion that Iran will win the war in another 10 days or so but that it will take another month or so before they will make a decision. Naturally, although Iran is always so confident that it will win everything, it is very likely that this time Iraq (with the help of the Soviet Union), will win what it wants in this war (or squabble) and Iran may very well get its clock cleaned, which it rightly deserves. The worst part of it is that it may postpone indefinitely the matter of our release and that is the upsetting thing—not what may happen to Iran because, as far as I am concerned, Iran deserves every bad thing that can happen to it.

Akbar left us some old *Time* magazines—some dating back to December '79 but one was from March and the latest from June 1980. Of course, most of them have had all references to Iran and the hostage situation torn out, but here and there were a few items of interest—among them the serious economic situation in which Iran now finds itself because of its attempt to defy the U.S. and the world in its revenge of the Shah. Why our government hasn't come in, in force, a long time ago when they could so easily take advantage of Iran's weaknesses in every respect, I don't know and just can't understand. It is just the fact that the present administration has no guts at all. Why we support a huge military establishment when we don't use it, is more than I can understand.

October 2, 1980: (334<sup>th</sup> Day !!!) Mohsen told us today that there have been no planes in or out of Iran for the past 13 days and therefore no mail is going out or coming in. This is a bit hard to believe, as there are certainly borders over which Iraq has no control, such as the border with Turkey and Pakistan—or across from Iran to the Arab Emirates or Saudi Arabia, but that is what we are told as the reason why we don't get mail. I'm more inclined to think that it is the usual cause—that no one wants to take the time or trouble to censor our mail. Then this evening while Hohman, Jerry and I were talking, Jerry said that Akbar had told him yesterday that the Shah had died and that it would probably make it easier for us to be released! [note: Mohammed Reza Shah had died two months previously in Cairo, on July 27, 1980.] Akbar didn't say a word to me about it and why Jerry kept it to himself rather than tell Don and me until this evening, I don't know.

He is really a strange one—so secretive and afraid of his own shadow. Said he didn't want to say anything to us because he didn't know whether it was true, even though Akbar had told him. Naturally, how could we know whether anything is true or not when our only source of information is the students who lie to us constantly. Said he was afraid that if it weren't true then we would say that “Jerry had told us!” He was in another one of his moods today, moping about, saying his Rosary, keeping much to himself again—in general, just feeling sorry for himself again. He is really a strange one. I do think his head injury has really permanently affected him.

The girls made some delicious and very gooey pecan rolls for dessert tonight!

October 3, 1980: (335<sup>th</sup> Day !!!) Nothing special happened today. It was dull and overcast most of the day. Just did my laundry (bed sheets, towel I use as a pillow case, etc.) Tonight the terrorists stapled blankets over the windows in the toilet so now we have a light burning but it means no daylight at all now in the toilet either! No shooting tonight.

October 4, 1980: (336<sup>th</sup> Day !!!!): Today we break the record for being in captivity as this is one day longer than the U.S. Navy officers and men of the USS *Pueblo* were held when captured by the North Koreans back in 1968, I believe. At that time they were taken prisoners on January 23 and released on December 22 of the same year (1968, I believe)—one day less than a full eleven months. Today we have now been held eleven months and one day and there is no indication as to how much longer we will be held here! I'm sure the terrorists (supported, of course, by the Iranian Gov't) are out to hold us at least one full year (November 4, 1980) just to show that they can make fools of the U.S. Government!

Mohsen brought in a tape recorder this morning with three tapes of genuine classical music—Jasha Heifitz among them—that is a real treat to hear after some of the Rock and Roll we have been given in the past. Haven't had any classical music since last April. Weather is again cloudy and overcast. Looks as though we won't have many beautiful sunny days anymore to get out in. Girls are now serving us our dinner each evening about 7:00 or so. Probably has something to do with the blackout and their ability to work in the kitchen when they have to turn off the lights earlier. It is fine with me, as I much prefer to have our dinner earlier and then sit around and talk or read for a bit before we go to bed.

Mohsen seemed rather surprised this evening when I mentioned to him about the war between Iraq and Iran and he wanted to know how I knew that. I told him that it wasn't difficult to figure out because I knew the Soviet Union wants Iranian oil and I'm sure is backing Iraq to stir up the trouble so that they can step in and take it. Of course I couldn't convince Mohsen of this as they are so absolutely confident that they can stand up against the whole world since Allah is on their side! They just may get their clock cleaned, as I told Mohsen which, of course, he didn't understand.

Trouble is that this war (or dispute) is holding up our being released from here. Apparently Akbar told Jerry that we are *now* under the control of the Iranian Parliament, but I doubt this, as there is no change in our being guarded by the student-terrorists and I would think that if we are under the control of the Parliament at present that someone from the Parliament would come to see us—or would bring someone from the International Red Cross as, according to Akbar, the Parliament wants to release us. If so, why aren't they showing some interest in us?

October 5, 1980: (337<sup>th</sup> Day !!!) We were taken out in the sunshine for 1½ hours right after breakfast and it was really delightful. No shower this time, just sunshine, but that was OK with me. It is more important to me to get the sun than a shower since I can always sponge off (as I do daily) in the toilet and we probably won't have much more sunshine now that it is getting later in the year. The sun was warm today, not hot, with a beautiful blue sky and a delightful warm breeze. A real treat to be out in it!

Yesterday when Akbar was in I asked him if it was true that the Shah had died and he said that it was true. I asked him when he had died and he said “about a month ago” and when I asked him if he had died in Egypt he replied, “Yes”. It seems so strange that there don't appear to have been any celebrations here, or demonstrations that we were aware of. All seemed to be very quiet about it. Perhaps the Iranians are really disappointed that the Shah died as now they

have lost one of their trump cards in demanding the return of the Shah. Akbar told us that the Shah's death should "make it easier for us" but I told him that since the Shah died a month ago and we are still here I don't see what difference it is making in our getting out of here.

Mohsen brought in a packet of "Gamma Globulin", together with a hypodermic needle and Don administered it to me this afternoon, so I am now OK for another six months as far as Gamma Globulin protection is concerned. Some gunfire was heard tonight—sounded like heavy mortar firing but it was far enough away that we couldn't see anything in the sky. Don't know what they have been firing at with mortars—certainly not anything in the air.

Last night Jerry, Hohman and I had a long discussion. Jerry said that if the terrorists would release him and he could be home again with his family, he would be willing to forget all about this matter! I was just about bowled over! Jerry is one who became so emotionally disturbed over the treatment given him by the terrorists that he actually attempted suicide (by his own admission to Hohman and me), yet he is willing to forgive them! He said that he could see that many of their complaints were justified. I tried to convince him that even if any of their complaints were justified (something with which I do not agree) there was *absolutely no justification* on their part for committing the criminal act of kidnapping us and holding us as hostages (now for over 11 months!), keeping us away from our homes and families. I tried to stress that if they didn't want us in their country, that there were proper diplomatic procedures as observed by all civilized countries in terminating diplomatic relations, and/or declaring all Embassy personnel *persona non grata* and expelling them from the country, but that there was no justification for them to invade diplomatic premises, kidnap the staff, mistreat the staff and hold us as hostages. I doubt that we were able to change his mind as he is such a strange one with such strange ideas. Don and I both told him that even though our treatment had improved within the past few months, it in no way made up for the mistreatment we had received earlier and were still receiving by being kept locked up and under guard 24 hours a day, separated from our loved ones and that I would hate and despise the terrorists for the rest of my life and I fully intended to do everything within my power to hurt them and their country and to make the entire world aware of their actions in the hope that the Iranians too, in the future, would know who has brought their country to the brink of ruin.

October 7, 1980: (339<sup>th</sup> Day !!!) My day really started off on the wrong foot this morning when one of the terrorists (a little wrestler who makes me think of the former movie character actor Akim Tamiroff) only partially opened the door when I was being taken blindfolded (of course!) to the toilet and I slammed my head on the door! I called him every name I could think of; asked him what the hell he thought he was doing; that since I was blindfolded and couldn't see where I was going it was up to him to use his eyes, etc., etc. Then about 10:00 we were taken out in the sun for an hour which was wonderful as the sun is really lovely now—not too hot and I felt I could have sat under it forever! From there we were taken to the Medical Unit for showers and again was subjected to the usual blindfolding, only this time the terrorist insisted on really wrapping it around my throat so I was almost choking so, as he said, I couldn't see out! I fought him on that but then Mohsen intervened and insisted that the towel be wrapped that way, assuring me that they would guide me. Then when we got to the Medical Unit I was led into a wall and this I blew my top again and called them "Stupid Shits". Mohsen was upset about that and asked me what I had said, so I told him and he said he would "show me" and I replied that they had been "showing me their wonderful treatment now for almost a year and that I was sick and tired of the bastards!" So I suppose I am in for it now and that Mohsen will take some sort

of disciplinary action. Then this afternoon I was given three letters from a friend in Washington, Julia Worthington, dated September 12, 13 and 22/23, but nothing at all from my wife from whom my last letter was dated August 24! It will forever remain a mystery to me how they select the letters I am to be given and why they have chosen those from Julia as her printing is almost impossible to read. Also, this gives the lie to the story we have been given that no planes are coming into Iran because of the war between Iran and Iraq. Just some more of their continually lying to us about everything!

October 8, 1980: (340<sup>th</sup> Day !!!!) No mail again today. Wrote a note to Mohsen protesting the fact that I had not had any mail from my wife since September 19<sup>th</sup> (her letter of August 24) and that since mail had arrived from Ms. Worthington in Washington in 15 days there surely must be mail here for my wife that is not being given to me. Doubt whether it will result in any action, however.

Tonight we had a nice surprise when they brought a cake and ice cream with makings for a chocolate-nut sundae. On the cake it said "Happy Cook's Birthday!" Am not exactly sure which one is the cook, but believe it is Kate Kolb (not sure of the spelling of her name.). Cake was delicious—sort of a butterscotch frosting and the ice cream was home made, not Iranian ice cream such as they gave us for Jerry's birthday.

October 9, 1980: (341<sup>st</sup> Day !!!) No mail again today. Mohsen came in this evening in response to my note. Told me that I *must* believe him—that there is *no* mail for me here; that the mail has come in from other countries, such as Pakistan, but not by air. How this can explain why I have had absolutely nothing from my wife or other family members since September 19 (my wife's letter of August 24) and nothing from my sister or brother, yet I receive three letters from Ms. Worthington in Washington, D.C., the latest being postmarked September 24 and reaching me in 15 days! Yet Mohsen says I *must* believe him! Why I "must" believe any of these bastards is more than I can understand, especially since not one of them has ever told me the truth about anything in the 11 ½ months that I have been held captive! Very quiet all day and evening. No gunfire—no other activity.

October 10, 1980: (342<sup>nd</sup> Day !!!!) Quiet all day. No air alert this evening nor any gunfire. No mail again today either. Mohsen came in this evening after we had finished our dinner and the three of us were sitting around having a normal conversation. He asked us to not speak so loudly when we were just talking in a normal voice. Then came in the second to remind us again! Just another stupid regulation, I suppose. Probably they are doing their studying while guarding us and our conversation bothers them—poor slob! Quite cool tonight. We turned on our sole heater in Jerry's room. Also, I pulled up a second blanket in the wee morning hours of October 11. Winter is coming!

October 12, 1980: (344<sup>th</sup> Day !!!!) Had a fresh orange for lunch today. Must have been one of the oncoming crop as it was hard and green and rather sour, probably picked too early for good eating. Don't know what the season here is, but remember in Sicily years ago that the citrus fruit season usually didn't begin until January and continued through March. Akbar was on guard this afternoon and I brought him into my room to show him the three letters I had received from Julia Worthington—latest one dated September 24 that reached me in just 15 days and also showed him the latest one from my wife dated August 24 that I had been given on September 19. I asked

him why we weren't being given any mail and he said that there wasn't any. I asked him why we couldn't have our old mail since we weren't getting any recent mail and he said that he didn't know where it was! When I accused him of withholding my mail he said that I was a diplomat and shouldn't say such things! "Why," he said, "would we withhold mail from you?" and I replied that there wasn't any reason, but I believed they were doing so. When he repeated again that I was a diplomat and shouldn't accuse them of such things, I confirmed that I was indeed a diplomat but that I wasn't being treated like one! With that, Akbar turned on his heel and walked out of my room. He is just as bad as all the rest of them, even though I used to think differently of him.

October 13, 1980: (345<sup>th</sup> Day !!!!) No mail again today. The war seems to be over as we don't hear the air raid sirens or any gunfire anymore. However, we still have to observe the covering of our windows and turning out our overhead lights at 6:00 p.m. The toilet is still darkened too with blankets over the windows. It is much cooler out now and we need our heaters. I have a good heater that was left in this room, a British made "Sunbeam:" with fan but Jerry and Don need better heaters. Mohsen brought in two yesterday but they aren't much good. We have asked for two more of the "Sunbeam" type but haven't received them as yet. This morning we were told we would be taken for showers but it was put off all day long and we never did get them.

Tonight while we were having dinner Mohsen asked each of us to prepare a list of things in our rooms. Don't know what they want this for but when I asked if we were to itemize everything, including our clothing and personal articles, he said "No, just your plates and things", so tomorrow I'll make a complete inventory of the things such as the desk, typewriter, lamp, mattress, etc. but not my personal things. Don't know whether this is in preparation for turning over the building to someone else and our possible release, or what. I am always hoping for our release, of course, but so far everything I think might be pointing toward that end turns out to be just wishful thinking. Mohsen also told us that we would be taken for showers tomorrow morning at 8:00 a.m. That seems pretty early to me for their usual routine—we'll see.

October 14, 1980: (346<sup>th</sup> Day !!!) No mail today. I wonder whether the U.S. has really put an embargo on everything to Iran, or what, as it doesn't seem that the war (or border clashes) could possibly hold up our mail, especially when we can hear planes passing overhead every day now. Also, Hohman isn't getting any letters from his wife in Germany, nor am I receiving any mail at all from Europe. As I thought, we didn't go for showers today until noon! When they finally did come for us, I told them I wasn't interested in going.

Jerry went and then they came back for me, saying they were taking us out in the sun first—so I relented and went for the sun. However, we were only kept out for about 30 minutes and the sun is now so weak and it was cool, so it really wasn't worthwhile going out. The shower situation was even worse. When we got to the Medical Unit one of the terrorists was in the shower and took forever to finish while we waited. When we finally did get in the place was like a pig sty—water all over the floor, dirty clothes everywhere, etc. We did have hot water, but the "telefono" type shower had a leak in the hose and water was spraying everywhere—even soaking my towel I had hung over the shower curtain rail so when I tried to dry myself off my towel was soaking wet. I've decided this is the last time I will go out for showers. The sun is no longer warm and strong and the rest of the hassle isn't worth it. For the duration of my stay here now I'll just take the cold, stand-up, sponge baths I usually take now everyday in between



showers (which we now get only about every 8 days), when I change my underwear. Things keep going from bad to worse. Akbar was in today and wanted to know why I was angry! I asked him how he or any of the others could expect us to be anything but angry from the way we are treated and that we have no hope at all of ever getting out of here—that I am afraid I will die here! I asked him what was new with the Parliament and he said, “Nothing.” When I reminded him that we were supposed to be in the hands of the Parliament now and that they were supposed to be in favor of releasing us, he said “Perhaps in another month.” He has been saying that since last March 1, at least!

When we were in the Medical Unit and he asked me how the showers were I told him that we had hot water, but that the place was like a pig pen and showed him. I told him that they wouldn’t eat pig, but didn’t seem to mind living like them—which he didn’t like, of course. Gave Mohsen my inventory today and a request for some additional things—also to have the medical student doctor take my blood pressure and give me an EKG that he promised a month ago but hasn’t done yet. Hohman refuses to make up an inventory for them—telling them that if they want one they should make it up themselves. They threatened to take disciplinary action against him and he told them to go ahead, so wonder what they will do now.

October 15, 1980: (347<sup>th</sup> Day !!!!) Akbar came in today and gave us a new return address we are to use for our letters from here on. It is now “(Name), Ex-American Embassy, Tehran-15, Islamic Republic of Iran”. He had first written it “U.S. Ex-Embassy” but I corrected him and told him it should either be “Ex-U.S. Embassy or preferably Ex-American Embassy”. Anyway, the important thing is to use the “Tehran-15” (their Zip code) in the address—I’m sure the “Ex” is just the terrorists’ idea of expressing their satisfaction at severance of diplomatic relations with the U.S. I don’t see why they are now changing the address as we haven’t had any mail since September 19 (almost one month) and have no idea at all whether any of our letters are going out. It doesn’t portend good news, as since our mail is so slow now in reaching us, anyone who does get our letters and tries to reply will mean their letters won’t get to us (if they do) for the next few months—meaning no hope of our getting out of here within the foreseeable future!

October 17, 1980 (349<sup>th</sup> Day!!!!) Was awakened this morning by Mohsen who brought in 11 pieces of mail but among them only one from my wife dated September 15 (latest previous from her was dated August 24). There were also two letters among the 11 dated *June 3* from my niece, Gayle Ode, and another from a stranger in Tennessee dated *June 28*: (both almost five months old, yet they say I *must* believe them when they tell me there is no mail here for me!). I’m sure they just decide to pull some off the pile now and then. They came in later in the morning while I was in the toilet and took my air conditioner out of my window. Of course I don’t need it anymore now that the weather is cooler and am just as glad to have it out of the window so that I had them close the window for the winter. They probably took the air conditioner out now so that they can sell it along with all the cars and everything else they have stolen from the embassy.

October 21, 1980 (353<sup>rd</sup> Day!!!!) Still no more mail today. Thirty-three days with only one letter from my wife and only 10 others from other family members, friends and strangers. Everyday is exactly the same as the one before and the one after. Mohsen came in Monday, October 20 and said we could take showers. However, I have decided not to go through the hassle anymore of being blindfolded, put into a car, stumbling around and then have to shower in

a filthy bathroom used by countless student-terrorists. I am just going to make my daily sponge baths do even though it is cold water. I told Mohsen that the bathroom was like a pig-pen. He didn't know what "pig" meant at first, so I explained it to him. I told him that they didn't eat pig, but didn't mind living like them. Of course, he was offended which is exactly what I intended to accomplish by the remark!

October 24, 1980: (356<sup>th</sup> Day !!!!)

No mail again today. Now 36 days with only one letter from my wife and only 10 others from other family members, friends and strangers. Mohsen doesn't come around very often anymore to see what we need or want. It seems that we are now in a "holding pattern". The student-terrorists are probably sick of their bargain and have now gone back to the university and don't want to be bothered with us anymore than is absolutely necessary. We seem to have what I call the "second stringers" for guards now and only one around here at a time (not counting whoever may be outside the building). A number of these student-terrorists haven't been around here since back in February or January. It appears that we are just being held here now until Khomeini when and whether he wants to release us. I'm sure the student-terrorists are sick of their bargain, as with the Shah dead and our Gov't not giving in to their demands, nothing has been accomplished to further their "cause". However, we are the one who are caught in the middle of this power struggle and I can see no hope of anything being done to obtain our release until at least after the Presidential elections on November 4 (now 12 days away) and, of course, we have no idea how much longer after that date it will take to obtain our freedom. Most discouraging!

October 25, 1980: (357<sup>th</sup> Day !!!!) Mohsen came in late this afternoon and brought us some Sanka Instant Coffee since we now make our own coffee each morning. Seems that the student-terrorists "destroyed" their hotplate on which they made our morning tea! We have also been trying to get another electric heater out of him as the one that they gave Don Hohman burned out shortly after he received it. As it is now, I loan him mine for the night as I prefer to sleep in a cool room and don't use a heater at night. However, it turned quite cool yesterday afternoon following a rain and it is quite possible that it may get cold this winter and we will need a heater for each room. However, Mohsen said that they didn't have any more heaters—that the one he had promised us before (like the Sunbeam that I have) was given to one of the students. I'm sure they have stripped the place of all the heaters we had before, either for their own use or have sold them as they no doubt have done with the cars and other items. I also asked him about mail and he said he would have to check with Akbar! That is completely ridiculous as Akbar certainly knows how much mail means to us and would give it to us if he had any and felt so inclined without having to be reminded by Mohsen. Also asked Mohsen for fresh fruit such as apples or grapes. He said that there weren't any available. When I reminded him that last year at this time I bought fruit from numerous street stands that had it in abundance, he replied that "last year there wasn't a war on". When I asked him if the "war" was really still on, since we haven't heard any air raid sirens or any shooting at all lately, he said that it still was. Would surely like to know what is happening and whether Iran is getting its rear end kicked off.

October 28, 1980: (360<sup>th</sup> Day !!!)—I have been told by Mohsen, our Supervisor, that I am to turn off the lights in my room each evening at 6:00 p.m. since I don't have my windows covered as Don and Jerry have in their rooms. I then moved into Jerry's room at 6:00 to read or talk until

dinner time which is usually at 7:00 or shortly thereafter. Tonight, however, one of the student-terrorists whom I call "Smiley" because he is so unctuous, came into my room about 5:45 and told me I had to turn off my lights. I was just getting things in order to move into Jerry's room at 6:00 and told "Smiley" that Mohsen had told me I was to turn the lights off at 6:00 and that was when I intended to do so. He insisted they had to be turned off immediately and I got into a big argument with him, finally taking him by the shoulders and shoving him out of my room and telling him to "Get out", that "I was sick and tired of all of them and this place". He then said that they wouldn't give me any dinner that night and I told him "Just try it!" Don't know what I would have done, exactly, if they had refused to give me my dinner but I was so damn mad that I would have done most anything, smashed the door, broke up some furniture, anything! As it was he frogged around with the lights in the hallway (the fusebox) and turned off all our lights various times until Don and I made a fuss over that and he finally left them on. I was also served dinner as usual. God, how sick I am of these "goons" and of this place in general and wonder how much longer I have to put up with this sort of treatment. Am sure no one in Washington has any idea of what we have to put up with day after day as they surely aren't working very hard to get us out of here and this constant humiliation and degradation.

October 29, 1980 (361<sup>st</sup> Day !!!)—Akbar came in this morning and gave us some mail. Received 15 pieces, among them 4 from my wife and 4 from my brother, Howard. All of it is very old, however, dating back to the end of August and beginning of September. Akbar just dropped the mail on my desk (all of it for Jerry, Hohman and myself) and left without any word to us. Apparently he is aware that I am angry with him and am ready to give him a hard time.

October 30, 1980: (362<sup>nd</sup> Day!!!)

We were not quite finished with our evening meal when Mahmoud, whom we had not seen since July, came in and told us to pack up our things as we were being moved! Told us to be ready in 20 minutes! Since we had been in our rooms since the latter part of April (6 months) that was quite an order. We didn't know what it was all about but Ahmahd, one of our former mailmen, came in when we were about finished packing and told us that we would "have to adapt" to our new quarters for a few days and then "maybe", and he emphasized "maybe", we would be going home! They gave us plastic garbage bags to pack our things in and, of course, even though I had to leave a number of things behind—books, etc., I still filled three bags of clothes, toilet articles, two blankets, pillow, sheets, etc. We were blindfolded as usual—towel over my head but also another cloth wrapped over that (around my eyes) so I could see nothing, then we were placed on the floor of a van for a five to ten minute trip. Apparently the van drove into the basement or underground garage of some building where we were taken out and went up one or two flights of stairs. All three of us, Don Hohman, Jerry Miele and I were put in one room. It certainly looked like a prison; a plain room approximately 18' X 24' with a metal door and bars (grillwork) in the transom space over the door. Three windows about 3' square, heavily barred and with heavy mesh screens, also covered with plastic (completely), room painted gray, paint peeling off ceiling, brown wall to wall carpeting, *no* electric outlets of any kind—the lights operated from a "jerry built" installation strung in from the hallway. A real dump! When they brought our belongings in to us everything had been searched and dumped from the plastic bag onto a blanket, only part of my things were brought in, no bedding. Dinner knife, safety razors (I had three) can opener, large nail clipper and bottle of aspirins were confiscated. When Don Hohman saw what had happened to my stuff and Jerry's, he really blew up and demanded why, when

Ahmahd had asked us to “cooperate and adapt” we were being treated like this. He called Ahmahd names, cursed him, etc. Then he went out (Ahmahd) and “Little Hamid” (whom I had also not seen since April) came in and said we were to be moved to another room; However, they only took Hohman. Jerry and I waited, assuming we were being moved also, but when no one came back we decided to try and get some sleep. When I went to the toilet I could see we were *really* in a prison (or former one, at least). The toilets are filthy, no toilet seats, western-style toilets installed over the Iranian “squat type” hole in the floor, large stainless steel, deep sinks. Since my blankets hadn’t been give to me I had only one to cover me and used my towel folded up as a pillow so about 4 or 5 A.M. I was really cold! I told the guard I was freezing and was then given blankets! No heat at all in the room. I slept fully clothed as I did when first taken hostage. Looks like we are back to square one!

October 31, 1980: (363<sup>rd</sup> Day !!!)

Electricity had been turned off all night but was turned on in the hall about 6:00 A.M. This flooded our room with light through the transom. Then lights turned on in our room at about 8:00 A.M. Breakfast was fresh “barbari” bread, butter (American—apparently co-op stock, although in the chancery we were always given Iranian butter), hot water for the Sanka coffee we were given, and Iranian, very sweet, “carrot” marmalade. Akmahd came in later in the morning, still visibly upset, and told us he and the other students would not be insulted; wanted to know if we had asked Hohman to be our spokesman, that when Hohman apologized he would be returned to our room, and that they wanted “no heroes” among the hostages.

I asked him why my razors, aspirins, etc. had been confiscated and he merely said that such items were furnished as needed and when we wanted them we had only to request them. I told him our room was cold and he said that no one here had heaters to which I replied, “Forget it then.” Whether it is because I am the eldest hostage, or for some other reason, he then brought in the “sunbeam” I had in my room which we could connect to an extension cord strung in from the hall. Since I am confident Hohman will *never* apologize to Ahmahd, he will not be returned to our room and will remain in whatever punishment cell they have placed him. Later in the morning my bedding, clothes and Spanish books were given to me, lunch was meatloaf and fried potatoes, not bad, but can’t compare with what the girls fixed for us. Am afraid those days are gone forever!

When Ahmahd was in this morning and I complained what a dump this place is—a real prison—he said again it would only be for a little while. When I reminded him that back in April or May he said “You will be released soon!” which didn’t come to pass, so how could I believe him now? He replied, “Yes, but things have changed now,” so I surely hope something *really* has happened so that we *will* be released soon. Lights were turned off about 6:00 P.M. so had only a candle from then on, supper was sort of a meat pie, not very tasty, however. Since it was impossible to read and I didn’t sleep well last night, went to bed about 8:30 or 9:00.

November 1, 1980: (364<sup>th</sup> Day !!!)

Got up and had breakfast (same as yesterday). After breakfast washed my blue sport shirt and underwear briefs, shampooed and shaved. When I returned from toilet Jerry and I were taken down the hall to a room with a TV set, games, etc. It is obvious other hostages have been here for some time. Watched “Mash” and “Northwest Passage”. Not bad.

Then was told we could take hot showers. Were taken down some hallways to another part of the building. Doors in hallways were set in center of metal section (like hatchdoors

between compartments on Navy ships) which can be closed tight and battened down. Shower stalls were not too dirty, water was hot. There was soap, shampoo, toilet articles, etc. Actually better than the shower in the Embassy medical unit.

This afternoon we talked to Ahmahd, requesting him to return Don Hohman to our room. He was even more adamant than yesterday when we asked that Don be returned. Claimed he went to the room where they have him in solitary, without blankets—told Don to get up where he was lying as, according to Ahmahd, he was going to bring him back, but Don refused to get up, said “Fuck you”, called them animals, so Ahmahd is unrelenting and said they are going to treat him like the animal he is. That they have had trouble with him before and are now going to make an example of him. Threatened that he will be the last one to be sent home (which sounds like all of us might not be released at the same time!) Ahmahd also blamed Jerry and me for not trying to stop him last night when he blew up and became belligerent. Even though we explained to Ahmahd that Don is not well and has a medical problem he is unrelenting. We will try again tomorrow to see what can be done.

Electricity turned off about 6:00 P.M. Then were asked to put our candle on the floor because of an air raid alert. Jerry wrote a note to Ahmahd requesting permission for the two of us to visit Don in the hope we can persuade him to be more reasonable, eat humble pie and apologize as he is only hurting himself, so will see what Ahmahd may say tomorrow. Tried to read but candlelight too dim so gave it up as a bad job and went to bed at 9:00 P.M.

#### November 2, 1980 (365<sup>th</sup> Day !!!)

This would normally be the last day of our year here so far but since this is leap year we will still have tomorrow, our 366<sup>th</sup> day, to complete our first year. No word from Ahmahd regarding our note concerning Don Hohman so it is obvious he intends to punish and make an example of Don because of his outburst until Don apologizes. Knowing Don, I’m sure he never will so he is in for it for a long time unless some miracle takes place and we do get out of here soon.

Washed my brown trousers and blue sport shirt and reorganized my personal effects so am ready to leave anytime they may let us go. Breakfast was barbari bread, American butter and Kraft processed velveeta cheese slices; lunch whole kernel corn and roast beef; dinner rice with black-eyed peas and two chicken legs each. We now get hot water each morning and were given a jar of Sanka instant coffee so drink coffee now, usually, instead of tea.

Electricity is turned off each night at 6:00 P.M. and after eating by candlelight we go to bed early by 9:00 P.M. anyway. After we were in bed they came around at 10:00 P.M. and offered hot tea but we declined. By not taking too much liquid in the evening I can usually go until early morning without a trip to the toilet. Wrote a letter to Rita, first one in November. Don’t know whether it will be mailed or not and, of course, am hoping I will get to the U.S. before a letter would anyway!

November 3, 1980: (366<sup>th</sup> Day !!!)—Since this is “leap year”, this is the last day of our full year of captivity. Had to go to the toilet about 5:45 before electricity came on. While in the toilet could hear the student-terrorists doing their calisthenics somewhere in a room below or in a courtyard to the accompaniment of a leader shouting at a rapid pace same as over on the Embassy compound, “Allahhu, Akbar—Khomeini, Rarbar”, etc. These characters are *really* fanatics. All they can think of is Khomeini! There is no hot water today, again something broken down, so I did my usual cold water sponge bath and changed into clean underwear after morning exercises and walking.

This noon had hamburger patties, fresh carrots and fried potatoes for lunch. This afternoon to our surprise, Don was brought back looking pretty bad. When he was taken from our room after his blowup with Ahmahd he was taken apparently to the floor above us. Ahmahd and two others began to punch him in the body and threw him in a cell about 5' wide, 12' long, 10' high, one window with heavy bars and no glass that was so close to a courtyard wall that admitted only a diffuse light, fairly bright only between 8:00 and 11:00 A.M., concrete (terrazzo) floor. No mattress or blanket at all. Was given a plastic bucket for a toilet—no toilet paper, or even the usual Iranian pitcher of water to wash off with, no heat of any kind—just as cold as being outdoors. Next morning was given dry bread and hot tea. Same thing for lunch and supper, all day no one came near him, was told he was not permitted to knock to call anyone. On Nov. 2 was told he could go to toilet only three times each day. Was given a blanket and small piece of rug to lie on by one of the student-terrorists. Went to toilet first at 3:00 P.M. At 4:35 P.M., Ahmahd came in with another terrorist, told Don to stand up—Don refused. Told Don to clean up his slop bucket. Don refused, told him if he wanted it to be cleaned up to do it himself. Ahmahd and other terrorist then jumped Don, roughed him up, and pulled the rug from under him and took it away along with the blanket.

Don had only one hour's sleep as it was so cold. On Nov.3 was given breakfast of bread, cheese, butter and hot tea by "Ali", one of the students who does the cooking for the hostages. At lunch Ali brought him hot tea and bean sprouts and brought the rug and blanket back and suggested Hohman apologize for the insults to the students and that he be quiet. Don told him it sounded good to him—that he would agree to anything that would get him warm. Ali said he had to talk to the other students, principally Ahmahd. And Ali came back about 4:00 P.M. and told Hohman what he had to do to go back downstairs.

Don agreed and was brought back to our room. He was told he must keep his voice down, knock softly, and not to insult the students. This evening we had really hot showers in the toilet near our room—Don first to get the crud off him from his cell and to warm up from the cold; then Jerry and then me. (I had first intended to shower tomorrow but was told there might not be hot water then.) When Ali brought our supper Don was give some heated sardines, canned asparagus, bread and hot water for coffee. Jerry and I had mushroom soup, the rest of the asparagus and all of us had a plate of fresh dates to share.

November 4, 1980 (367<sup>th</sup> Day !!!)—This is the first anniversary of our capture—one year ago today! So we begin a new year of captivity today. This is also "Presidential Election": day in the U.S., Carter vs. Reagan, since we are 8 and a half hours (approximately) ahead of the U.S., people at home won't be going to the polls until about 4:30 or 5:00 P.M. (Iranian time) so *if* we are told of the results we won't hear until some time tomorrow, Nov. 5. Don Hohman was given about six or eight letters today, all of the same period as those we were given on Oct.29, that is, end of August to mid-September. All were from strangers, apparently in response to his letter to *Time* magazine thanking people for writing, but nothing from his wife or family. The censors are now up to a new trick. Some of Don's letters were from Greece, Ireland, Saudi Arabia and other countries and the censors had removed the stamps from his letters before giving them to him so Don couldn't even save the stamps for his two boys! What a gang of thieves they are, yet they pride themselves on being good Muslims! Dinner tonight was good—large, fried shrimp. Wonder if these were local, from the Persian Gulf. When the girls were preparing our meals I don't recall seeing such large shrimp.

November 5, 1980 (368<sup>th</sup> Day)

One of the student-terrorists came in this morning and told us Reagan had won the Presidential election! He got 51% of the votes with Carter obtaining only 43 % and Andersen getting 5%. This was a real surprise! Carter deserved to be defeated but now I wonder how this will affect us; that is, whether Khomeini will now hold us until after January 20, 1981 when Reagan takes office in order to attempt to negotiate with his administration, or what, only time will tell.

November 6, 1980 (369<sup>th</sup> Day !!!)

I have been joking all along that I was leaving today, now that the election returns are in! However, there is no indication we are leaving here soon in spite of what Ahmahd has said about our adapting ourselves to our new quarters for "a few days". We have now been here a week already. We were asked this morning about 11:00 if we wanted to go outside. Jerry and I accepted, Don said no. "Outside" consisted of being led down to the end of the corridor where we found ourselves in the corridor encircling a circular courtyard completely enclosed at each floor by wrought iron bars from floor to ceiling with the letter "S" worked into the design. Each letter "S" was painted yellow, the remainder of the iron work left black. I suppose the letter "S" stood for "Shah" or possibly "SAVAK". Now it stands for "students", I presume, who have replaced the notorious SAVAK.

Shutting off the view into the circular courtyard was a canvas attached to the grill work. The only sun I was able to get was some on my face Sun was warm and bright. While there were told we couldn't speak so all I could do was stand in one spot and let some sun shine on my face. There about 10-15 minutes. Was given a glass of some artificial lemon drink which I didn't really want as it was too sweet for me. Breakfast this morning consisted of barbari "bread, a large chunk of American "Land O Lakes" butter (apparently still from our co-op supplies) and hot water for coffee. They brought kerosene for the hot water heater so this afternoon had *really* hot water for showers and also to wash our underwear in. Wrote Ahmahd a long note requesting that my blood pressure be taken. Also an EKG. Last time blood pressure taken was Sept. 17. Also requested mail and pointed out that I had never been given "Arizona" magazines and landscaping plan my wife had sent. Also only five letters from my sister in past year and latest letter from her was dated August 10.

November 7, 1980: (30<sup>th</sup> Day !!!)

Washed my bed sheets this morning in hot water. First hot water washing in months! Since there was still hot water I requested (and got!) another hot shower today. *Two* hot water showers in *two* days! Unbelievable! Am beginning to think that happiness is a warm toilet seat, (no seats at all on the toilets here—one has to sit on the cold porcelain bowl) or a hot shower. Lights went out earlier than usual tonight, about 5:45. Tried to read a little by candlelight but too difficult so just laid down for an hour until supper (rice with raisins and lentils) and then to bed about 9:00 P.M.

November 8, 1980: (371<sup>st</sup> Day !!!)

Watched a couple episodes of TV; "Mash" and "Barnaby Jones". Then did the breakfast dishes, shaved and washed underwear briefs. I finished a small box of Tide. There is no more chlorox, and the dishwashing detergent has been so watered down it is almost clear water! Yet we are expected to keep our dishes, laundry, and ourselves clean! Electricity went off right after lunch for some reason, about 2:30 P.M., and remained off the rest of the day except for about 30

minutes later in the afternoon, then off again as usual at 6:00 P.M., so we couldn't do anything—read, play Scrabble, etc. except sit in the dark around a single candle. Lunch today was some roast beef that wasn't too bad, baked potato and canned cherry pie filling for a dessert. Supper was a bowl of vegetable soup and canned, sliced pineapple.

November 9, 1980 (372<sup>nd</sup> Day !!!)

Today is my 23<sup>rd</sup> wedding anniversary, my second one in captivity. Last year I was lying on the hard floor of the "Mushroom Inn", begging them to return my wedding ring they had taken from me. What a hell of a way to celebrate my anniversaries! Last night was much colder. I could feel it even though under two blankets. Put on a warmer blanket tonight (it was an extra one we had in the room—red color, very heavy wool and very warm.) There was a big gathering outside the prison tonight even though it was raining. Much shouting of "Allaho Akbar", etc. Sounded like quite a crowd. Had only been asleep for a few minutes when Jerry woke me. They had brought in a plate with three pieces of Iranian cake and some mixed nuts that Jerry and Don had requested in honor of my wedding anniversary. So got up and ate a piece along with a glass of tea. Nice of them to do it for me. One of the terrorists told me this morning that Reagan had selected George Bush as his running mate for Vice President. Also that Kissinger will again be National Security Advisor! The man who got us into this mess is now going to be in charge of our national security! God Help us!

November 10, 1980: (373<sup>rd</sup> Day !!!)

Were awakened for breakfast at 7:30, but electricity was still off and it was pouring rain outside. It came on at 9:30 after we had breakfast by candlelight. Watched a "Chips" episode on TV right after lunch, then had hot shower and washed my underwear in hot water. No mail again today. This now the 11<sup>th</sup> day we have had to "adapt ourselves" to our new quarters which Ahmahd said would be for a "few" days before "maybe" we would be going home! It doesn't look as if things are any "different" or have "changed" any except for the worst.

November 11, 1980: (374<sup>th</sup> Day !!!!)

There still was hot water this morning, so after shaving later in the morning I took another *really* hot shower. What a treat! When I came back from the shower there was a bowl of *American* vanilla ice cream waiting for me on our table! Seems that the terrorists were looking for some meat in the frozen food locker at the co-op store and found the ice cream. Don't know how much there is there. After one full year they just came across the ice cream! Electricity went off again this afternoon while we were playing Scrabble and came on again a few minutes before 6:00 P.M. when it was turned off as usual by the terrorists! Since there was still hot water today I took another shower. Was given a fresh orange with dinner tonight, but oranges aren't ripe yet—still sour. No mail again today.

November 12, 1980: (375<sup>th</sup> Day !!!)

No mail again today. Nothing special today. Just like all the others.

November 13, 1980: (376<sup>th</sup> Day !!!)

No mail. Just another day in a long line of monotonous days!



November 14, 1980: (377<sup>th</sup> Day !!!)

Jerry complained again of hearing the terrorists chanting about him when he was in the toilet. His former posts of "Dar Es Salaam", "Lima", "La Paz", etc. Even though I have tried to convince him it is all a figment of his imagination, he still thinks he is being persecuted! He really is a psychiatric case! Was just writing a letter to my wife this morning when "Little Hamid" came in with some mail--some of the letters dating back to mid-July and early August. Three from my wife of which two were August and one in mid-September. Had a hot shower today. Were also given some popcorn this afternoon. Ahmahd was in. I complained about the filthy toilets. Lack of soap for dishes and laundry, garbage overflowing from the trash can, etc. Reminded him of my written request of 8 days ago to have blood pressure taken, EKG, etc.

November 15, 1980: (378<sup>th</sup> Day !!!)

Had another hot shower today. Then electricity went off at 12:50 so we ate lunch by candlelight and it remained off the rest of the day. So after lunch we all hit the sack, interrupted only long enough to have some American ice cream brought in after lunch, then our dinner and back to bed again. Since our windows are sealed shut we have no way of telling when the sun is shining--and when the electricity is off it is like night in our room!

November 16, 1980: (379<sup>th</sup> day !!!)

Another hot shower today! Watched TV--saw a "Mash" program I hadn't seen before. Electricity on all day until usual shut-off time of 6:00 P.M. No mail.

November 17, 1980: (380<sup>th</sup> Day !!!)

Another hot shower today! No mail. Was given a new pair of orlon (warm) socks called "Jok"--very good ones, in response to my request. Don Hohman said these were not carried in the "Co-op". Someone must have sent a supply over. My others, given to me last February were full of holes. Watched TV--"Jeffersons" and "That's Hollywood"--not too bad. Started a new book--"The Zimmerman Telegram" by Barbara Tuchman. Not hungry tonight so didn't eat supper. Electricity went off again about 5:20 P.M.

November 18, 1980: (381<sup>st</sup> Day !!!)

Wrote Ahmahd another note requesting blood pressure and "EKG". No response yet to my note of Nov. 6 requesting same. As I was writing a letter to my sister this morning our guard came in and said they were sending mail out today so we could write one letter, one page only, and not to mention where we are (I don't really know anyway except this it is a prison). So I finished the letter to my sister and wrote one to my wife in the hope that both would be sent; also hope they will send out all the letters I and others have written lately. This evening lights were not turned out in the hallway as usual at 6:00 P.M., just the overhead bulbs in our room. When I asked for a new candle as ours was almost used up, they brought in a table lamp as well as a typing table (larger than the telephone table we three have had to huddle around while writing, eating, playing Scrabble, etc.) The table lamp, which now sets on the telephone table, and our electric heater are hooked up to the hall lights so we can use the lamp, but not the heater--too much of a load--now in the evenings. Was admonished to put a cover over the lamp, which I did, using a bath mat I was originally issued as a towel. Have begun a new book--excellent--"The Zimmermann Telegram" by Barbara Tuchmann and read until 10 P.M. when we all hit the sack,

so don't know when the hall lights were turned off. Apparently the danger of air raids has diminished so perhaps the war with Iraq is over or has slowed down.

November 19, 1980: (382<sup>nd</sup> Day !!!)

Nothing special today. Tank was heated up this evening so took a hot shower and put on clean underwear before going to bed. No mail. Lights left on until midnight, at least, as read for a while and hit the sack about 11:30 P.M.

November 20, 1980: (383<sup>rd</sup> Day !!!)

Finally got my blood pressure taken today. It was 135/70 which medical student who took it said was normal for my age. When he came in it was obvious Ahmahd had not asked him to bring the "EKG" apparatus. Ahmahd said he could take it "next time". I reminded the med. student in Ahmahd's presence that when he had taken my blood pressure on Sept. 17 he said he would return "in a few days" to give me an EKG but never did. So I asked Ahmahd when the "next time" would be—in three or four months? I also told the med. Student that he had given me a bottle of 100 aspirins but then when Ahmahd moved me to our new location on Oct.30 he had taken them from me. When Ahmahd interjected that the "students" would give me aspirins as needed, I replied "But when the med. student had prescribed and given the aspirins to me personally, why am I not to be trusted?" With that Ahmahd reluctantly agreed that I could be given a bottle, so the med. student gave me a new bottle of 100 "Anacin" which I can now keep. Saw a tape of "The Osmond Family" on TV this afternoon. No mail. Nothing else special. Jerry is brooding again. Laid around all day not sleeping, staring at the ceiling, saying nothing. Looked very pale. Looks like he really is ready to go over the edge. Surely isn't a pleasure to have him around. Am getting sick of his constantly feeling sorry for himself. He really is a masochist and possibility manic-depressive. Got another blanket today to put between my fitted sheet and mattress in hope of insulating me more from the cold floor.

November 21, 1980: (384<sup>th</sup> Day !!!)

Took our sheets and pillow cases this morning to launder them. Didn't get them back until about 9:50 P.M. but at least they were clean and had been hung in the fresh air to dry so they smelled fresh and clean. Had some popcorn this afternoon. No mail.

November 22, 1980: (385<sup>th</sup> Day !!!)

Don Hohman's twelfth wedding anniversary today. We aren't requesting a cake for him since he never eats sweets of any kind. He spent most of his day in bed. Of course, he had a reason to crawl in a hole and pull the hole in after him, as I know how he misses his wife; but Jerry did the same thing. He just lies and stares at the ceiling, picking his nose or sucking his fingers! Today he got into his pajamas and crawled back into bed again after being there all night! He really is in a depressive state and I've given up on him. I don't talk to him now any more than absolutely necessary. Had a hot shower today. Also got an extra pair of the warm "Jok" socks. No mail again today.

November 23, 1980: (386<sup>th</sup> Day!!!)

One of the terrorists came in with two pairs of prescription glasses, asking whether they belonged to any of us. I checked them over carefully as thought might be a pair I had in my